

A.
PLEASANT
CONCEITED COMEDY,
WHEREIN IS SHEWED, HOW
A MAN MAY CHOOSE A GOOD
WIFE FROM A BAD.

*As it hath beene sundrytimes acted
by the Earle of Worcesters
Servants.*



LONDON,
Printed by IOHN NORTON.
1634.

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A
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coited Comedy, wherein is
shewed, how a man may choose a
good wife from a bad.

*Enter (as upon the Exchange) young Master Arthur,
and Master Lufam.*

ARTHUR,

Tell you true Sir, but to every man
I would not be so lavish of my speech:
Only to you my deare and private friend,
Although my wife in every eye be held
Of beauty and of grace sufficient.
Of honest birth and good behaviour,
Able to winne the strongest thoughts to her:
Yet in my minde, I hold her the most hated
And loathed object that the world can yeild.

Luf. Oh M. Arthur, beare a better thought
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath wonne
The good opinion and report of all:
By heaven you wrong her beauty, she is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Luf. O, you are cloied with damies, M. Arthur,
And too much sweetnesse glutted hath your taste
And makes you loath them: at the first,
You did admire her beauty, prais'd her face,
Through the broad streets when all censuring tongues

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Found themselves busied as she pass'd along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:
Tell me I pray you and dissemble not,
Have you not in the time of your first love,
Hing'd such new popular and vulgar talke,
And gloried still, to see her bravely deck'd?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite chang'd
Your shape of love, into a forme of hate,
But on what reason ground you this hate?

Ar. My reason is my mind; my ground my will,
I will not love her, if you aske me why,
I cannot love her, let that answer you.

Lu. Be judge all eyes, her face deserves it not:
Then on what roote grows this high branch of hate?
Is she not loyall, constant, loving, chaste,
Obedient, apt to please, loath to displease,
Carefull to live, chary of her good name,
And jealous of your reputation?
Is she not vertuous, wise, religious?
How should you wrong her to deny all this?
Good M. *Arthur*, let me argue with you.

They walke and talke.

*Enter walking and talking M. Anselme,
and M. Fuller.*

Ful. O M. *Anselme*, growne a lover! fie,
What might she be, on whom your hopes rely?

Ans. What fooles are they that seemes most wise in love
How wise they are that are but fooles in love,
Before I was a lover, I had reason
To judge of matters, censure of all sorts;
Nay, I had wit to call a lover foole,
And looke into his folly with upright eyes;
But now intruding love dwels in my braine,
And frantickly hath shouldred reason thence,
I am not old and yet alas! I doate.
I have not lost my sight and yet am blind,

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

No bond-man, yet have loft my liberty,
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then? let me define my felfe,
A doted young, a blind-man that can fee,
A witty foole, a bond-man that is free.

*Ent. Good aged youth, blind feer, and wife foole,
Look your free bonds, and let your thoughts to fchoole.*

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lufam.

Old Ar. Tis told me *M. Lufam*, that my fonne
And your chaft daughter whom we matcht together
Wrangle and fall at odds, and brawle, and chide.

Old Lu. Nay, I thinke fo, I never lookt for better
This tis to marry children when they are young,
I fayd as much as firft, that fuch young brats
Would gree together even like dogs and cats.

Old Ar. Nay pray you *M. Lufam*, fay not fo,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but young.
There vertues would have made them fimpathize,
To live together like two quiet Saints.

Old Lu. You fay true there was great hope indeed
They would have liv'd like Saints, but wher's the fault?

Old Ar. If fame be true, the moft fault's in my fonne.

Old Lu. You fay true *M. Arthur*, tis fo indged,

Old Ar. I doe not altogether excuse

Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha, fay you fo, both-maffe like enough,
For from her child-hood fhe hath beene a shrew.

Old Ar. A shrew, you wrong her, all the towne admires
For mildneffe, chaftneffe, and humility. (her

Old Lu. Fore God you fay well, fhe is fo indeed
The City doth admire her for thefe vertues.

Old Ar. O fir, you praife your child too palpably,
Shes mild and chaft, but not admir'd fo much.

Old Lu. I fo I fay, did not meane admir'd

Old Ar. Yes, if a man doe well confider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her fexe,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Old Lu. Are you adyiide of that, I cannot tell

What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,

But she is, is she, I indeed she is.

Old Ar. What is she?

Old Lu. Even what you will you know best what she is.

Ans. Yonis her husband, let us leave this walke,

How full are bad thoughts of iuspition,

I love, but loath my selfe for loving so,

Yet cannot change my disposition.

Ful, Medice, cura te ipsum.

Ans. *Hei mihi quod mellis amor est medicabilis herba.*

You. Ar. All your perswasions are to no effect.

Never alledge her vertues, nor her beauty,

My settled unkindnesse hath begot

A resolution to be vnkind still.

My raging pleasures love variety.

You. Lu. Oh too unkind unto so kind a wife,

Too vertulesse to one so vertuous.

And too unchast, unto so chait a matron.

You. Ar. But lost fir, see where my two fathers are

Busily talking, let us shinke aside,

For if they see me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke tis best to goe straight to the house,

And make them friends againe: what thinke you fir?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Now I remember too, that's not so good,

For diuers reasons I thinke best stay here,

And leave them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Nay we will goe, thats certaine. (to goe.

Old Lu. I tis best, tis best in ooth, there's no way but

Old Ar. Yet if our going should breed more unreit,

More discord, more distention, more debate,

More wrangling where there is enough already,

I were better stay then goe.

Old

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Old Lu. For God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate.
And then we may too late wish we had staid:
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,
We will not goe, thats flat: Nay if we love
Our credits or our quiet, lets not goe. (must ~~go~~)

Old Ar. But if we loue their credits, or their quiet, we
And reconcile them to their former love:
Wher there is strife betwixt man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall love may be compar'd to heaven:
For then their soules and spirits are at peace.
Come *M. Lusam*, now tis dinner time,
When we have din'd the first worke we will make,
Is to decide their jarres for pittie sake.

Old Lu. Well fare a good heart, yet are you advise,
Goe, sayd you *M. Arthur*? I will runne,
To end these broyles that discord hath begun. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Mis. Ar. Come hither *Pipkin*, how chance thou treads so
Pip. For feare of breaking mistris. (softly.)

Mis. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?

Pip. Can you blame me mistris, I am crackt already,

M. Ar. Crackt *Pipkin*, how, hath any crackt your crowne?

Pip. No mistris, I thanke God my crowne is currant (but,

Mis. Ar. But, what?

Pip. The maide gave me not my supper yester night,
so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing neare
The great sea-cole-fire in the hall, and not being full, on the
suddaine I crackt, and you know mistris a *Pipkin* is soone
broken.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, runne to the Exchange, and if you there
Can finde my husband, pray him to come home,
Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread
Vnill I see him; prethee *Pipkin* runne.

Pip.

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Pip. Bir-lady mistress, If I should tell him so, it may be he would **not** come, were it for no other cause but to save charges, ile rather tell him, if he come not quickly, you will eate up all the meate in the house, and then, if he be of my stomacke, he will runne every foote, and make the more hast to dinner.

Mis. Ar. I, thou maist see, my heart is not so light, It cannot digest the lest conceit of joy ;
Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loves
All places worse that he beholds me in,
Wilt thou be gone ?

Pip. Whither mistress, to the Change ?

Mis. Ar. I, to the Change.

Pip. I will mistress, hoping my M. will goe so oft to the Change, that at length he will change his mind, and use you more kindly, Oh it were brave if my master could meete with a merchant of ill ventures to bar gaine with him for his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should have a quieter heart, and we all a quieter house : but hoping, mistress you will passe over all these jarres and squabbels in good health, as my master was at the making hereof, I commit you.

Mis. Ar. Make hast againe I prethee, till I see him
My heart will never be at rest within me.

My husband hath of late so much estrangde

His words, his deeds, his heart from me,

That I can seldome have his company :

And even that seldome, with such discontent,

Such frownes, such chidings, such impatience :

That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,

They would confound me with despaire and hate.

And make me runne into extremities.

Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,

I should account my selfe too bad to live :

But honouring him in love and chastity

All indgements censure freely of my Wrongs. :

Enter

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Enter young Arthur, Master Lufam, Pipkin,

You. Ar. Pipkin, what sayd she when she sent for me?

*Pip. Faith matter she said little, but she thought more,
For she was very melancholly.*

*You. Ar. Did I not tell you she was melancholly
For nothing else but that she sent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.*

*You. Lu. O you mistake her, euen vpon my soule
I durst affirme you wrong her chastity,
See where she doth attend your comming home.*

*Mi. Ar. Come master Arthur, Shall we in to dinner?
Sirra be gone, and see it seru'd in.*

You. Lu. V Vill you not speake unto her?

You. Ar. No not I, will you goe in sir?

*Mi. Ar. Not speake to me, not once looke towards me?
It is my duty to begin I know,
And i will breake this ice of curtesie,
You are welcome home sir.*

*You. Ar. Harke M. Lufam if she mocke me not:
You are welcome home sir, am I well come home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.*

*You. Lu. Thus you misconfure all things M. Arthur,
Looke if her true love melt not into teares.*

*You. Ar. She weepes, but why? that I am come so
To hinder her of some appointed guests, (toone,
That in my absence revels in my House:
She weepes to see me in her company;
And were I absent, she would laugh with joy:
She wepees to make me weary of the Houe;
Knowing my heart cannot a way with griefe.*

*Mi. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you love me
* I would enforce my heart to be more merry. (bed,*

*You. Ar. Do you not heare? she would inforce her
All mirth is forc'd that she can make with me, (heart,*

*You. Lu. O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy tast?
Sweet, M. Arthur, Mistresse Arthur too,*

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Let me intreat you reconcile these jarres,
Odions to Heaven, and most abhord of men.

Mi. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You do appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these perswasions and be judge
VVith all indifferencie, in these discontents.
Sweet husband, If I be not faire enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad;
Onely at coming home speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your love to me:
If y^e delight to see me drudge and toyle,
I'll be your 'drudge becauie tis your delight:
Or if you thinke me unworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide,
Your slave, your servant, any thing you will.
If for that name of servant, and of slave,
You will but smile upon me now and then:
Or if, as well I thinke you cannot love me,
Love where you list, onely but say you love me:
He feed on shadowes let the substance goe,
Will you deny me such a small request?
What, will you neyther love nor flatter me?
O, then I see your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate, it is your frowne confound me:

To. Lu. VVonder of women: why harke you M. *Arthur*
What is your wife a woman or a Sain?
A wife, or some bright Angell come from Heaven?
Are you not mov'd at this strange spectacle?
This day I have beheld a miracle.

When I attempt this sacred nuptiall life,
I beg of Heaven to find me such a wife,

Toung. Ar. Ha, ha, a miracle, a Progedy.
To see a woman weepe is as much pittie,
As to see foxes dig'd out of their holes:

how to chooſe a good Wiſe from a bad.

If thou wilt pleaſe me, let me ſee thee leſſe,
Grieve much: they ſay griefe often ſhortens life,
Come not to neere me till I call thee wiſe:
And that will be but ſeldome I will tell thee
How thou ſhalt winne my heart, die ſodainely,
And ile become a luſty widdower:
The longer thy life laſts, the more my hate
And loathing ſtill encreaſeth towards thee,
When I come home and find thee cold as Earth,
Then will I love thee. Thus thou know'ſt my minde:
Come M. Luſam, let us in to dine. *Exeunt.*

Young Lu. O ſir, you too much affect this evil:
Poore ſaint, why wert thou yoakt thus with a Diuell? *Exit.*

Mr. Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, die ſodainely,
But that my ſoule was bought at ſuch a rate,
At ſuch a high price as my Saviours blood,
I would not flicke to looſe it with a ſtab
But vertue baniſh all ſuch fantasies,
He is my husband, and I love him well,
Next to my owne ſoules health I tender him,
And would give all the pleaſures of the world
To buy his love, if I might purchaſe it,
Ile follow him, and like a ſervant waite,
And ſtrive by all meanes to prevent his hate. *Exit.*

Enter old Arthur, and old Luſam.

Old Ar. This is my ſonnes houſe, were we beſt goe in?
How ſay you maſter Luſam?

Old Lu. How, goe in, how ſay you ſir?

Old Ar. I ſay tis beſt.

Old Lu. I ſir, ſay you ſo? ſo I ſay too.

Old Ar. Nay, nay, tis not beſt, ile tell you why,
Haply the fire of hate is quite extinct,
From the dead embers, now to take them up,
Should the leaſt ſparke of diſcontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne aſreſh,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,
May dye in silence, and revive no more.
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

Old Lu. How say you sir?

Old Ar. I say it is not best.

Old Lu. Maſſe you say well ſir, and ſo ſay I too.

Old Ar. But ſhall we looſe our labour to come hither
And without ſight of our two children.

Goe backe againe? nay we will in, that's ſure.

Old Lu. In quotha, doe you make a doubt of that,
Shall we come thus farre, and in ſuch poſt haſte,
And have our children here, and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne?

It were unfriendly, and unfatherly:

Come M. Arthur pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay but harke you ſir, will you not knocke?

Old Lu. Is't beſt to knocke?

Old Ar. I, knocke in any caſe.

Old Lu. Twas well you put me in minde to knocke,
I had forgotten it elſe I promiſe you. (doore.

Old Ar. Tush, iſ't not my ſonnes and your daughters
And ſhall we too ſtand knocking? Leade the way.

Old Lu. Knocke at our childrens doores, that were a jeſt,
Are we ſuch fooles to make our ſelves ſo ſtrange,
Where we ſhould ſtill be boldeſt? in for ſhame,
We will not ſtand vpon ſuch ceremonies.

Exeunt.

Enter Anſelme, and Fuller.

Full. Speake, in what kew ſir doe you finde your heart,
Now thou haſt ſlept a little on thy loue?

Anſ. Like one that ſtrives to ſhun a little plaſh
Of ſhallow water, and avoyding it.
Plunge into a river paſt his depth.

Like one that from a ſmall ſparke ſteps aſide,
And falls in headlong to a greater flame.

Full. But in ſuch fires ſcorch not thy ſelfe for ſhame;

how to chooſe a good Wiſe from a bad.

If ſhe be fire, thou art ſo farre from burning,
That thou haſt ſcarſe yet warm'd thee at her face:
But liſt to me, ile turne thy heart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine ſex.
They that have knowne me, knew me once of name
To be a perfect wencher I have tride,
All ſorts, all ſects, all ſtates, and finde them ſtill
Inconſtant, ſickle, alwaies variable,
Attend me man, I will preſcribe a method,
How thou ſhalt win her without all peradventure.

Anſ. That would I gladly heare.

Enl. I was once like thee,
A ſigher, melancholy, humoriſt,
Croſſer of armes, a goer without Garters,
A Hat-band hater, and a buſke poynt wearer,
One that did uſe much Bracelets, made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, jewels in mine eares:
And now and then a wenchs Carkanet,
That had two letters for her name in pearle;
Scaſts garters, bands, wrought waſt-coats, Gold ſtitch
A thouſand of theſe female fooleries, ^{(caps,}
But when I lookt into the glaſſe of reaſon, ſtraight I began
To loath that female bravery, and henceforth
Study to crave *peccary* to the world.

Anſ. I pray you to your former argument,
Preſcribe a meanes to win my beſt belou'd.

Enl. Firſt, be not baſhfull, bar all bluſhing tricks,
Be not too apiſh female, doe not come
With fooliſh Sonets to preſent her with,
With legges, with curteſies, congies, and ſuch like,
Nor with pend ſpeeches, or too farre fetcht ſighs,
I hate ſuch antique quaint formality.

Anſ. O but I cannot watch occaſion,
Shee daſhes every proſſer with a frowne.

Enl. A frowne a ſoole thou afraid of frownes?
He that will leave occaſion for a frowne,

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Were I his Iudge (all you his case bemoane)
His doome should be, ever to lye alone.

Ans. I cannot chuse, but when the wench saies nay
To take her at her word, and leave my lute.

Full. Continue that opinion and be sure,
To die a Virgin chaste, a Mayden pure,
It was my chance once in my wanton daies,
To court a wench, harke and ile tell thee how,
I came unto my love, and she lookt coy,
I spake unto my love, she turn'd aside,
I toucht my love, and gan with her to toy,
But she sat mute for anger, or for pride;
I striv'd and kisse my love, she cryde away,
Thou wouldst have left her thus, I made her stay.
I catcht my love, and wrung her by the hand,
I tooke my love, and set her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you spoyle my hand,
You hurt me sir, pray let me goe, quoth she,
I am glad, quoth I, that you have found your tongue,
And still my love I by the fingers wrung:
I askt her if she loved me, she sayd no,
I bad her sweare, she straight cald for a booke,
Nay then, thought I, tis time to let her goe,
I calde my knee, and on her cast a looke,
Shee left me, wondring at these strange affaires,
And like a winde she trips me vp the staires,
I left the roome below, and up I went,
Finding her throwne upon her wanton bed,
I askt the cause of her sad discontent,
Further she lies, and making roome she sayd,
Now sweeting kisse me, having time and place,
So cling's me to her with a sweet embrace.

Ans. If possible, I had not thought till now,
That women could dissemble. *M. Fuller,*
Here dwels the sacred mistris of my heart,
Before her doore ile frame a frivolous walke,

And

• how to chooſe a good Wife from a bad.

And ſpying her, with her device ſome talke.

Enter in out of the houſe, M. Arthur, Miſtris Arthur, old Arthur, old Luſam, young Luſam, Pipkin, and the reſt.

Enl. What ſtirre is this, lets ſtep but out the way,
And heare the utmoſt what theſe people ſay.

Old Ar. Thou art a Knave, although thou be my ſonne,
Have I with care and trouble brought thee up,
To be a ſlaſſe and comfort to my age,

A piller to ſupport me and a crutch
To leane on in my ſecond infancy,
And doeſt thou uſe me thus? Thou art a Knave:

Old Lu. A Knave, I marry, and an arrant Knave:
And ſira, by old Maſter Arthurs leave
Though I be weake and old, ile prove thee one,

Yon. Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleaſure thus
To wrong me with the ſcorped name of Knave
I will not have you ſo familiar,
Nor preſume upon my patience.

Old Lu. Speake M. Arthur, is he not a Knave?

Old Ar. I ſay he is a Knave.

Old Lu. Then ſo ſay I.

Yon. Ar. My father may command my patience;
But you ſir, that are but my father in law,
Shall not ſo mocke my reputation,
Sir, you ſhall finde I am an honeſt man.

Old Lu. An honeſt man!

Yon. Ar. I ſir, ſo I ſay.

Old Lu. Nay, if yon ſay ſo, ile not be againſt it:
But ſir you might have uſ'd my daughter better,
Then to have beate her, ſpurn'd her, rail'd at her
Before our faces.

Old Ar. I therein ſonne Arthur
Thou ſhew'eſt thy ſelfe no better then a Knave.

Old Lu. Marry did he, I will ſtand to it,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

To use my honest daughter in such sort,
He shewd himselfe no better then a Knave.

Yon. Ar. I say againe, I am an honest man,
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary.

Old Lu. I grant sir that you are an honest man,
Nor will I say unto the contrary.

But wherefore doe yee use my daughter thus?

Can you accuse her of unchastity,

Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyalty?

Speake, what canst thou object against my daughter?

Old Ar. Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,
If she be guilty in the least of these.

Mis. Ar. O father be more patient, if you wrong

My honest husband, all the blame be mine,

Because you doe it onely for my sake,

I am his handmaid, since it is his pleasure

To use me thus, I am content therewith,

And beare his checks and crosses patiently.

Yon. Ar. If in mine owne house I can have no peace,
Hee seeke it else-where, and frequent it lesse.

Father, I am now past one and twenty yeares,

I am past my mothers pamping, I sucke not,

Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:

Then if you were my father twenty times,

You should not chuse but let me be my selfe.

Doe I come home so seldome, and that seldome

Am I thus baited; wife, remember this,

Father farewell, and father in law adieu:

Your sonne had rather fast then feast with you.

Exit.

Old Ar. Well goe to wild oats, spend thrift prodigall,

Hee crosse thy name quite from my reckoning booke:

For these accounts, sayth it shall scath thee somewhat,

I will not say what, somewhat it shall be.

Old Lu. And it shall scath him somewhat of my purse,

And daughter I will take thee home againe,

Since thus he hates thy fellowship,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Be such an eye-sore to his eye no more,
I tell thee, thou no more shall trouble him :

Mis. Ar. Will you divorce whom God hath put together?
Or breake that knot the sacred hand of heaven
Made fast betwixt us. Have you never heard
What a great curse was layd upon his head
That breakes the holy band of marriage,
Divorcing husbands from their chosen wives,
Father I will not leave my *Arthur* so,
Not all my friends can make me prove his foe,

Old Ar. I could say somewhat in my sonnes reproofe.

Old Lu. Faith so could I.

Old Ar. But till I meet him, I will let it passe.

Old Lu. Faith so will I.

Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part
Witness these teares, thy grieve sits neere my heart.

Old Lu. Wee, e. *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,
His cheekes shall not be wet, and mine be dry. *Exeunt.*

Mis. Ar. Fathers farewell, send not a teare for me,
But for my husbands sake, let those woës be,
For when I weepe, tis not for my owne care,
But feare least folly bring him to despair.

To. Lu. Sweet saint continue still this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence,
Mirrour of vertue, thanks for my good cheere,
A thousand thanks.

Mis. Ar. it is so much too deare :

But you are welcome for my husbands sake,
His guests shall have the best welcome I can make. *(inon*

To. n. Then marriage nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman. *Ex.*

Mis. Ar. My husband in his humour well I know
Playes but the unthrift : therefore it behoves me
To be the better huswife here at home,
To save and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend
Though for himselfe he ryots it at large,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

My needle shall defray my household charge.

Enl. Now master *Anselm* to her, step not backe,
Busle your selfe, see where she sits at worke,
Be not afraid man she's but a woman,
And women the most cowards feare not,
Thinke but upon my former principles,
Twenty pounds to a dram you speed.

Ans. I, say you so?

Enl. Beware of blushing sirrah,
Of feare and too much eloquence,
Raile on her husband his misusing her,
And make that serue thee as an argument
That she may sooner yeild to doe him wrong:
Were it my case, my love and I to p'leade,
I hau't at fingers ends, who could misse the clout,
Having so faire a wit, such steady aime,
This is the upshot, now bid for the game.

Ans. Faire mistris, God save you.

Enl. What a circumstance begins he with, what an *Alle is*—
To tell her at the first that she was faire, (he,
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:
He should have rather told her she was foule,
And brought her out of love quite with her selfe,
And being so she would the lesse have car'd,
Vpon whose secrets she had layd her love:
He hath almost mar'd all with that word faire.

Ans. Mistris, God save you.

Enl. What a blocke is that,
To say, God save you, is the fellow mad
Once to name God in his ungodly sure?

Mi. Ar. Y'are welcome sir, come you to speake with me;
Or with my husband pray you whats your will?

Enl. She answeres to the purpose, whats your will?

O! Zownesthat I were there to answere her,

Ans. Mistris, my will is not so soone exprest,
Without your speciall favour, and the promise

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Of love and pardon, if I speake amisse.

Ful. O assie, O duns, O blockhead that hath left
The plaine broad high way, and the readiest path
To travell round about by circumstance,
He might have told his meaning in a word.
And now hath lost his opportunity,
Never was such a trewant in loves schoole,
I am asham'd that ere I was his tutor.

Mis. Ar. Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be,
So that your speech suteth with modesty.

Ful. To this now could I answere passing well

Ans. Mistris, I pittying that so faire a creature,

Ful. Still faire, and yet I warn'd the contrary.

Ans. Should by a villaine bee so foulely us'd as you have

Ful. I, that was well put in, (beene
If time and place were both convenient.

Ans. Have made this bold intrusion to present
My love and service to your sacred selfe.

Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.

Mis. Ar. Sir what you meane by service and by love
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I saine would know.

Ans. That villaine is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted through the land
O can you sinder at a peasants hands
Vnworthy once to touch this silken skin,
To be so rudely beate and buffeted?
Can you endure from such infectious breath,
Able to blot your beauty, to have names
Of such in poysoned hate slung in your face?

Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

Ans. O can you heare your never tainted fame
Wounded with word of shame and infamy,
O can you see your pleasures dealt away,
And you to be debard all part of them,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

And bury it in deepe oblivion?
Shall your true right be still contributed,
Mongst hungry bawds, insatiate curtsians?
And can you leave that villaine by whose deed,
Your soule doth sigh, and your distrest heart bleed?

Ful. All this as well as I could wish my selfe.

Mis. Ar. Sir, I have heard thus long with patience
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Insooth you have misooke me all this while,
And neyther know my husband nor my selfe,
Or else you know not man and wife is one
If he be cald a villaine, what is she,
Whose heart and love, and soule is one with him?
Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman,
Should fall into such villaines company.
Oh sir, take heed, if you regard your life,
Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife.

Exit.

Ful. O that same word villaine hath mar'd all.

Ans. Now wher's your instruction? wher's the wench?
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful. Why man, in that word villaine, you mar'd all:
To come unto an honest wife and call
Her husband villaine, were he never so bad
Thou mightst well thinke she would not brooke that name
For her owne credite, though no love to him,
But leave not thus, but try some other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

Ans. I must persist my love against my will,
He that knows all things, knowes I prove this ill. *Exeunt.*
*Enter Aminadab with a rod in his hand, and ii. or ii. boyes
with their bookes in their hands.*

Ami. Come Boyes, come Boyes: rehearse your parts,
And then *ad prandium, iam iam incipe.*

i Boy, Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.

Ami. *Que caceris Cartis deservisse decare:*
Torne from your booke, ile teare it from your breech.

How

how to chause a good Wife from a bad.

How say you mistress *Virga*, will you suffer

Me puer bona indolis to teare

His lessons, leaves and lectures from his booke?

1 Boy, Truly forsooth, I layd it in my seate,
While *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campus*.

And when I came againe my booke was torne.

Am. O mus a mouse, was ever heard the like?

1 Boy, O domus a house, master I could not mend it.

2 Boy. O *Pediculus* a lowse, I know not how it came.

Am. All towardly boyes, good schoollers of their times,

The least of these is past his *Accidence*,

Some at *Qui mihi*: here's not a boy

But he can confute all his Grammer Rules:

Sed ubi sunt Sodales, not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.

Ubi est Pipkin, wher's that lazy Knave?

He playes the trewant every saturday,

But mistress *Virga*, lady *Willowby*

Shall teach him, that *Diluculo surgere*

Est saluberimum, here comes the Knave.

Enter Pipkin.

1 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

2 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

Am. *Huc ades Pipkin*, reach a better rod,

Cur tam tarde venis? I speake where hast thou beene?

Is this a time of day to come to schoole:

Ubi fuisse, speake where hast thou beene?

Pip. *Maester quomodo vales?*

Am. Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?

Pip. *Etiam certe*, you aske me where I have bin, and I say,
Quomodo vales, as much as to say, come out of the ale-house

Am. Untrusse, untrusse; nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. *Quaeso preceptor, quaeso* for Gods sake doe not whip
Quia est Grammatica? (re.

Am. Not whip you, *Quid est Grammatica*, what's that

Pip. *Grammatica est*, that if I untrusse, you must needs whip
me upon them: *Quid est Grammatica?*

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Ami. When then, *die mihi*, speake where hast thou bin?

Pip. Forsooth my mistris sent me of an arrant, to fetch my M. from the Exchange, we had strangers at home at dinner, and but for them I had not come *tarde, queso preceptor.*

Ami. Conster you lesson, perce it, *ad unguem et condemnata* too, ile pard on thee.

Pip. That I will M. and if youle give me leave. (*exponit*)

Ami. *Propriaq; maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas*, *exponit*

Pip. Conster it master? I will, *Dicas* they say *propria* the proper man, *que maribus* that loves mary-bones *mascula* miscall'd me.

Ami. A pritty queint, and a new construction.

Pip. I warrant you Master, if there be any mary-bones in my lesson, I am an old dog at them, How conster you this master.

Rostro desertus amas?

Ami. *desertus* a disard, *amas* doth love, *Rostro* Rost-meat.

Pip. A good construction on an empty stomacke: master now I have consterd my lesson, my mistris would pray you to let me come home to go of an arant

Ami. Your *tres* sequuntur, and a way.

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *proci* a frog,

Abeundum est mihi.

Makes a leg, and exits.

Ami. Yours *sirra* too, and then, *ad prandium*

Boy. *Apis* a bed genu a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Dee:

Viginti minus usus est mihi.

Ami. By *Iunor* lip, and *Saturnus* thumbe,

It was *bonus bona, bonum*,

Boy. *Vitrum* glasse *spica* grasse, *tu es asinus*, you are an

Ass, *precar tibi felicem noctem.*

Ami. *Claudite iam libros pueris* *praece bibistis*,

Looke when you come againe you tell me *ubi fuistis*,

He that minds trish trash, and will not have care of his redie

Him will I be-lill lath and have a sling at his *podex*.

Enter you g Arthur.

You. Ar. A pritty wench, a passing pritty wench,

A sweeter ducke all London cannot yeeld,

Shee

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not *Hellen* had so ravishing an eye.
He is the Pendant, fir, *Aminadab*,
I will inquire of him, if he can tell
By any circumstance whose Wife she is:
Such fellows commonly have intercourse
Without suspicion, where we are debtd.
God save you fir *Aminadab*.

Ami. Salve tu quoque, would you speak with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non est meum*,
Young M. *Arthur*, *quid vis*. what will you?

Yon. Ar. You are a man I must rely upon:
There is a pretty wench dwells in this streete,
That keeps no shop, nor is not publicke knowne:
At the two posts next turning at the lane,
I saw her from the window looking out:
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted,
With that sweete laise you should command me fir,
Even to the utmost of my life and power.

Ami. Diu boni, boni, tis my love he meanes,
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman;
And so I hope to make triall of my love.

Yon. Ar. If I obtaine her thou shalt win thereby,
More then at this time I will promise thee.

Ami. Quando venis apud, I shall have two hornes on my
Caput.

Yon. Ar. What if her husband come and find one there

Ami. unquam, time never feare,
She is unmarried I sweare,
But if I helpe you to the deed
Tu vis narrare how you speed.

Yon. Ar. Tell how I speed, I fir, I will to you,
Then presently about it: many thanks,
For this great kindnesse, fir *Aminadab*.

Ami. If my *Puella* prove a drab,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

He be reveng'd on both, *ambo* shall die,
Shall die by what, for *ego* I,
Have never handled I thanke God,
Other weapons then a rod:
I dare not fight for all my speeches,
Sed Cane, if I take him thus,
Ego sum expert at untrusse.

Exeunt.

*Enter Justice Reason, old Arthur, old Lusam, Mistressse
Arthur, young Lusam and Hugh.*

Old Ar. We, Master *Justice Reason*, come about
A serious matter that concernes us neare:

Old Lu. I marry doth it, concerne us neare:
Would God fir you would take some order for it.

Old Ar. Why looke ye M. *Lusam* you are such an o-
You will be talking what concernes us neare, (ther,
And know not why we come to M. *Justice*.

Old Lu. How know not I,

Old Ar. No fir, not you.

Old Lu. Well I know somewhat, though I know not
Then on I pray you. (that,

Just. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine.

Old Ar. Why fir, as yet you doe not know the case.

Old Lu. Well, he knows somewhat, forward M. *Arthur*.

Old Ar. And as I told you, my unruly sonne,
Once having bid his wife home to my house,
There tooke occasion to be much agrieved,
About some household matter of his owne
And in plaine termes they fell in controversie.

Old Lu. Tis true fir, I was there the same time,
And I remember many of the words.

Old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there.
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North to see some friends of yours.

Old Lu. Well I was somewhere, forward M. *Arthur*.

Just. All this was well, no fault to be found

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

In cyther of the parties, pray fay on.

Old Ar. Why fir, I have not nam'd the parties yet
Nor toucht the fault that is complain'd upon.

Old Lu. Well, you toucht somewhat, forward *M. Arthur.*

Old Ar. And as I fayd, they fell in controverſie,
My ſonne not like a husband, gave her words,
Of great reproofe, deſpight and contumely,
Which ſhe poore ſoule diſgeſted patiently:
This was the firſt time of their falling out,
As I remember, at the ſame time
Was one *Thomas* Earle of Surreys Gentleman;
Din'd at my Table.

Old Lu. O, I know him well.

Old Ar. You are a ſtrange man, this Gentleman
That I ſpeake of, I am ſure you never ſaw;
He came but lately from beyond the ſea.

Old Lu. I am ſure I know one *Thomas*: forward fir.

Juſt. And is this all? make me a Mittimus,
And ſend the offender ſtraightwaies to the Gaile,

Old Ar. Firſt know the offender, how began the ſtriſe
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my ſonne,
Since when fir, he hath uſd her nothing like one
That ſhould partake his bed, but like a ſlave.
My coming, was that you being in office,
And in authority, ſhould call before you
My unſuſtained ſonne to give him ſome advice,
Which he will take better from you then me
That am his father: heer's the Gentlewoman,
Wiſe to my ſonne and daughter to this man,
Whom I perforce compeld to live with us.

Juſt. All this is well, here is your ſonne you ſay,
But ſhe that is his wife you cannot find.

You. Lu. You doe miſtake fir, heer's the Gentlewoman
It is her husband that will not be found.

Juſt. Well, all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

You Lu. I all that you can say,
And much more then you can well put off.

Iust. Nay, if the case appeare thus evident,
Give me a cup of Wine: what, man and wife
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could say somewhat, tut, tut, by this Wine
I promise you 'tis good Canary Sacke.

M. *Mr.* Father you doe me open violence
To bring my name in question, and produce
This Gentleman and others here to witness
My husbands shame in open audience,
What may my husband thinke when he shall know
I went unto the iustice to complaine:
But *M. Iustice* here, more wise then you
Sayes little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concern'd herein,
Therefore with favour I will take my leave.

Iust. The woman sayth but reason *M. Archer*,
And therefore give her licence to depart.

Old Lu. Here is dire iustice, not to bid us drinke,
Harke thee my friend; I prethee lend the cup:
Now *M. Iustice*, heare me but a word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,
But by this Wine which I intend to drinke:

Iust. Nay save your oath, I pray you doe not sweare;
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content your selfe, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

You Lu. A profound oath, well sworne, and deepe tooke,
Is better thus then swearing on a brooke.

Old Lu. My daughter hath bin wronged exceedingly.

Iust. O sir I would have credited these words
Without this oath: but bring your daughter hither,
That I may give her counsell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Marry Gods blessing on your heart for that,
Daughter give care to *Iustice Reasons* words.

Iust.

How to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Iust. Good woman, good wife, or mistris, you have done amisse, it should seeme you have done a fault; and making a fault, ther's no question but you have done amisse: but if you walke uprightly, and neyther lead to the right hand nor to the left, no question but ye have neyther led to the right hand nor the left, but as a man should say walked uprightly: but it should apeare by these plaine trifles that you have had some wrong, if you love your spouse intirely, it should seeme you affect him feruently, and if he hate you monstrously, it should seeme he loaths you most exceedingly: and ther's the point, at which I will leave, for the time passes away: therefore to conclude, this is the best counsell, looke that thy husband to fall in, that hereafter you never fall out.

Old. Lu. Good counsell, passing good instruction, Follow it daughter. Now I promise you, I have not heard such an Oration
This many a day: what remaines to doe?

To. Lu. Sir, I was cald as witness to this matter, I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay stay my friend, we must examine you; What can you say concerning this debate, Betwixt young M. *Arthur* and his wife.

You. Lu. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say And that's iust nothing.

Iust. How, nothing? come depose him, take his oath, Swear him I say take his confession.

Old. Ar. VWhat can you say fir in this doubtfull case?

You. Lu. VWhy nothing fir.

Iust. VVe cannot take him in a contrary tale, For he saies nothing still, and that same nothing Is that which we have stood on all this while, He hath confest even all for all is nothing, This is your witness he hath witness nothing, Since nothing then so plainly is confest, And we by cunning answers and by wit,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Have wrought him to confesse nothing to us.
Write this confession.

Old Ar. Why what should we write ?

Inst. Why nothing: heard you not as well as I,
What he confest ? I say write nothing downe.
Mistris we have dismiss you, love your husband
Which whilst you doe, you shall not hate your husband
Bring him before me, I will urge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession
Against you: send him to me, ile not faile
To keepe just nothing in my memory.
And sir, now that we have examined you,
We likewise here discharge you with good leave
Come M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusam* too,
Come in with me, unlesse the man were here,
Whom most especially the cause concerns,
We cannot end this quarrell: but come neere,
And we will tast a glasse of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress Mary, Mistress Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo*, what Planet thinkst thou
govern'd at my conception, that I live thus openly to the
world ?

Bra. Two Planets raig'n'd at once: *Venus*, thats you,
And *Mars*, thats I, were in conjunction.

Splay, Prethee, prethee, in sayth that conjunction copula-
tive, is that part of speech that I live by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to see the world, we swaggerers
That live by oathes and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now deputed for the tallest men:

He that hath now a blacke muchato
Reaching from eare to eare, or turning up

Puncto reverso, bristling towards the eye:

He that can hang two handsome tooles at his side,
Goe in disguisd attire, weare iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a souldier.

He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs rounds,

Or

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Or in the Taverne make a drunken fray.
Can cheate at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,
Weare Velvet on his face: and with a grace
Can face it out with, as I am a souldier:
He that can clap his sword upon the boord
Hee's a brave man, and such a man am I.

Ma. She that with kisses can both kill and cure,
That lives by love, that sweares by nothing else
But by a kisse, which is no common oath:
That lives by lying, and yet oft tels truth,
That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and such am I.

Splay. Shee is past it, and prayes for them that may,

Bra. She's an old bawde, as you are mistress *Splay.*

Splay. O doe not name that name, doe you not know,
That I could never indure to heare that name?
But if your man would leave us, I would reade
The lesson that last night I promis'd you,

Ma. I prethee leave us, we would be alone.

Bra. And will and must: if you bid me be gone.
I will withdraw, and draw on any he,
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me
Mistress farewell, to none I never spake
So kinde a word: my salutations are,
Farewell and be hang'd, in the divels name;
What they have beene my many frailes can tell,
You cannot fight, therefore to you farewell. *Exit.* (tion.

Ma. O, this same swaggerer is the bulwarke of my reputa-
But Mist. *Splay.* now to your lecture that you promis'd me.

Splay. Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now,
What in my young dayes I my selfe have tride.
Be rul'd by me, and I will make thee rich,
You, God be prais'd, are faire, and as they say,
Full of good parts; you have beene often tride,
To be a woman of good carriage,
Which in my minde, is very commendable.

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Ma. It is indeed: forward good mother *Splay*.

Splay. And as I told you, being faire, I wish
Sweet daughter, you were as fortunate:
When any luter comes to aske thy love,
Looke not into his words: but into his sleeve:
If thou canst learne what language his purse speakes,
Be rul'd by that, thats golden eloquence.
Money can make a stammering tongue speake plaine:
If he that loves thee, be deform'd and rich,
Accept his love, gold hides deformity:
Gold can make limping *Vulcan* walke upright,
Make squin-eyes looke straight, a crab'd face looke smooth,
Guilts copper noses makes them looke like gold,
Fits ages wrinkles up, and makes a face
As old as *Nestors*, looke as young as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts,
This if thou practice, thou when I am dead,
Wilt say, old mother *Splay* soft layd my head.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Soft, who comes here? begun good mistris *Splay*,
Of thy rules practise; this is my first day.

Splay. God for thy passion, what a beast am I
To scare the bird, that to the net would flie.

Exit.

You. Ar. By your leave Mistris.

Ma. What to doe Master?

You. Ar. To give me leave to love you.

Ma. I had rather afford you some love to leave me.

You. Ar. I would you could as soone love me, as I could

Ma. I pray you what are you sir? (leave you.

You. Ar. A man ile assure you.

Ma. How should I know that?

You. Ar. Trieme by my word, for I say I am a man,
Or by my deed, ile prove my selfe a man.

Ma. Are you not M. *Arthur*?

You. Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your servant
sweet

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Sweet Mistress Mary.

Ma. Not Mistress *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your hand-maid
sweet M. Arthur.

You. Ar. That I love you, let my face tell you: that I love
you more then ordinary, let this kisse testifie: and that I
love you fervently and intirely, aske this gift, and see what
it will answer you: my selfe, my purse, and all being wholly
at your service.

Ma. That I take your love in good part, my thanks
shall speake for me: that I am pleas'd with your kisse, this
interest of another shall certifie you, and that I accept your
gift, my prostrate service and selfe shall witnesse with me,
my love, lips, and sweet selfe, are at your service: wilt please
you to come neerer sir?

You. Ar. O that my wife were dead, here would I make
My second choyce, would she were buried,
From out of her grave this Marigold should grow,
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:
Die shall she, I have doom'd her destiny.

Ma. Tis newes *M. Arthur*, to see you here,
How doth your wife?

You. Ar. Faith Mistress *Mary* at the poynt of death,
And long she cannot live, she shall not live
To trouble me in this my second choyce.

Enter Aminadab with a Bill, and a Head piece.

Ma. I pray forbear sir, for here comes my love,
Good sir, for this time leave me, by this kisse
You cannot aske the question at my hands
I will deny you, pray you get you gone,

To. Ar. Farewell sweet Mistress *Mary.*

Exit.

Ma. Sweet adieu.

Ami. Stand to me Bill, and Head-piece, sit thou close
I heare my love, my wench, my ducke, my deare,
Is sought by many suiters but with this
He keepe the doore, and enter he that dare,
Verge begone, thy twigs ile turne to Steele.

These

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

These fingers that were expert in the jerke,
Instead of lashing of the trembling *podes*,
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and malle,
Cleave pates and *Caputs*, he that enters here,
Comes on his death, *mors mors*, he shall taste.

Ma. Alas poore foole, the Peſants mad for love,
Thinks me more mad that I would marry him:
Hee's come to watch me with a rusty bill,
To keepe my friends away by force of armes,
I will not see him but stand still aside,
And here observe him what he meanes to doe.

Ami. *O vinam*, that he that loves her best,
Durst offer but to touch her in this place,
Per Ichovah, & Innonem, hoc
Shall pash his Cox-combe such a knocke,
As that his soule his course shall take,
To *Limbo* and *Avernus lake*.

In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any living durst my man-hood trie,
And to come up the staires this way.

Ma. O we should see you make a goodly fray,

Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Amo, amat, amavi, still,

Qui audet, let him come that dare.
Death, hell, and limbo be his share.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wher's mistress *Mary* never a post here,
A bar of iron gainst which to trie my sword?
Now by my beard a dainty piece of Steele.

Ami. O love what a qualme is this I feele?

Bra. Come hither Mall, is none here but we two
When didst thou see the starveling schoolemaster?
That rat, that shrimpe, that spindle-shankes, that wren, that
sheepe-biter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane en-
vy, that all bones, that bare anatomy, that jacke a lent, that
ghost, that shadow, that moone in the waine.

Ami.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.

Bra. When next I find him here ile hang him up.
Like a drie Sawlage in the Chimney top,
That Stock-fish, that Poore-john, that gut of men.

Ami. O that I were at home againe.

Bra. When he comes next, turne him into the streets,
Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheetes. *Exit.*

Ami. *Qui, qua, quod* hence boistrous bill, come gentle rod
Had not grim Malkin stamp and starde,
Aminadab had little carde,

Or if instead of this browne bill,
I had kept my mistris *Virga* still,
And he upon anothers backe,
His poynts untrust, his breeches slacke,
My countenance he should not dash,
For I am expert in the lash,

But my sweet Laife, my love doth flie,
Which shall make me by poyson die,
Per fidem, I will end my life
Eythor by poyson, sword or knife.

Enter Mistris Arthur, and Pipkin.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, when saw you your master?

Pip. Faith Mistris, when I last lookt upon him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that?

Pip. When I beheld him,

Mis. Ar. And when was that?

Pip. Marry when he was in my sight, and that was yesterday, since when I saw him not, nor look't on him, nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

Mis. Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes marry was he.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not intreate him to come home.

Pip. How should I mistris, he came not there to day.

Mis. Ar. Didst thou not say he was there?

Pip. True mistris he was there, but I told you not when,
He hath beene there divers times of late.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Mi. Ar. About your businesse, heereile sit and waite,
His coming home though it be never so late,
Now once againe goe looke him at the change,
Or at the Church with sir *Aminadab*.
Tis told me they vse often conference:
When that is done, get you to schoole againe.

Pip. I had rather play the trewant at home, then goe
seeke my M. at schoole, let me see, what age am I, some
foure and twenty, and how have I profited? I was five
yeres learning crisscrosse from great A, and five yere lon-
ger coming to F: there I stucke some three yere before I
could come to Q; and so in proccesse of time I came to e
par se, and con per se, and tittle then I got to a, e, i, o, u, after
to Our-Father: and in the sixteenth yere of my age, and
fifteenth of my going to scoole, I am (in good time) gotten
to a Nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe:
then I came to a verbe, there I began first to have a beard:
then I came to *iste ista istud*, there my master whipt me till
he fetcht the blood &c. so that now I am become the grea-
test schooler in the schoole: for I am bigger then two or
three of them, but I am gon, farewell mistris. *Exit.*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Full. Love none at all they will forswear themselves,
And when you urge them with it their replies
Are that *Love* laughs at lovers periuries.

Ans. You told me of a jest concerning that,
Prethee let me heere it.

Full. That thou shalt.
My mistris in a humor had protested,
That above all the world she lov'd me best,
Saying with suters she was oft molested,
And she hath lodge'd her heart within my breast:
And I weare (but me) both by her maske and fan,
She never would so much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I? yet be advise,
Not love a man but me, let it be so,

You

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

You shall not thinke, quoth she, my thoughts disguised
In flatering language, or dissembling shew,
I say againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man alive but you.
Into her house I came at unaware.
Her backe was to me: and I was not seene,
I stole behinde her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I closed both her eies;
She blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her,
Which of her Loves it was that did hood-winke her
First shee begins to guesse and name a man,
That I well knew but she had knowne far better.
The next I never did suspect tell then,
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,
Then mad she did name *Robin* and then *James*
Till she had reckoned up some twenty names,
At length when she had counted vp her score
As one among the rest she hit on me;
I askt her if she could not reckon more,
And pluckt away my hands to let her see,
But when she lookt backe, and saw me behind her?
She blusht and askt if it were I that did blind her?
And since I sweare both by her maske and fanne,
To trust no flie tong, that can name a man.

Ans. Your great oath hath some exceptions
But to our former purpose, you is mistress *Arthur*.
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her husband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of passion or of love,
Have at her now to trie her patience,
God save you mistress.

Mis. Ar. You are welcome sir.

Ful. Whers your husband I pray?

Mis. Ar. Not within.

Ans. Who *M. Arthur*, him I saw even now
At mistress *Maries* the brave Curtizans,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Mis. Ar. Wrong not my husbands reputation so,
I neither can nor will beleewe you sir.

Fal. Poore Gentlewoman how much I pittie you,
Your husband is become her onely guest:
He lodges there, and daily dyets there,
He ryots, revels, and doth all things
Nay, he is heid the master of mis-rule,
Mongst a most loathed and abhorred crew,
And can you being a woman, suffer this?

Mis. Ar. Sir, sir, I understand you well enough,
Admit my husband doth frequent that house
Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose
He doth it but in zeale, to bring them home
By his good counsell, from that course of sinne.
And like a Christian seeing them astray
In the broad path that to damnation leades,
He useth thither to direct their feete,
Into the narrow way that guids to heaven.

Ans. Was ever woman gul'd so palpably?
But Mistris *Arthur*, thinke you as you say?

Mis. Ar. Sir, what I thinke, I thinke, and what I say
I would I could enjoyne you to beleewe.

Ans. Fayth Mistris *Arthur*, I am sorry for you,
And in good sooth, I wish it lay in me
To remedy the least part of these wrongs
Your unkinde husband daily profers you.

Mis. Ar. You are deceiv'd, he is not unkind,
Although he bare an outward shew of hate
His heart and soule are both assured mine.

Ans. Fie Mistris *Arthur*, take a better spirit,
Be not so timorous to rehearse your wrongs
I say your husband haunts bad company,
Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton cutizans.
There he defiles his body, stains his soule,
Consumes his wealth, undoes himselfe and you
In danger of diseases, whose viid names,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Are not for any honest mouths to speake,
Not any chaste eares to receive and heare,
O, he will bring that face admir'd for beauty,
To be more loathed then a leproous skinne,
Divorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow blacke
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,
Abandon his most loathed fellowship,
You are young Mistris, will you loose your youth?

Mis. Ar. Tempt no more divell, thy deformity
Hath chang'd it selfe into an Angels shape,
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech,
Thou getst an Apple to betray poore Eve,
Whose out-side beares a shew of pleasant fruit,
But the wilde branch, on which the Apple grew,
Was that which drew poore Eve from Paradise.
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,
But I am tied unto the mast of truth.
Admit my husband be inclin'd to vice,
My vertue may in time recall him home:
But if we both should desperate runne to sinne,
We should abide certaine destruction.
But hee's like one that over a sweet face
Puts a deformed vizard, for his soule
Is free from any such intent of ill;
Onely to try my patience he puts one,
An ugly shape of blacke intemperance:
Therefore this blot of shame which he now weares,
I with my prayers will purge, and wash with teares. *Exit.*

Ans. Fuller.

Full. Anselme.

Ans. How lik'st thou this?

Full. As schoole-boys jerks, Apes whips, as Lyons cocks,
As suries doe fasting daies, and divels crosses,
As maides to have their marriage dayes put off,
I like it as the thing I most doe loath,
What wilt thou doe, for shame persist no more
In this extremity of frivolous love,

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

I see my doctrine moves no precise eares,
But such as are protest *inamoratos*.

Ans. O I shall dye.

Ful. Tush live to laugh a little,
Here's the best subject that thy love affords,
Listen a while and heare this : ho boy, speake.

Ami. *As in presenti*, thou loathst the gift I sent thee
Nolo plus tarry but die for the beautious *Mary*,
Faine would I die by a sword, but what sword shall I die by
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapis iacet ibi*.
Knife I have none to sheath in my brest, to empty my full
vaines

Here is no wall or poste that I can soyle with my bru'd
braines.

First will I therefore say 2 or 3 creeds and Avemaries
And after goe buy a poyson at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I pray thee *Anselm* but observe this fellow
Doe'st thou heare him? he would dye for love:
That misshapt love thou would'st condemne in him
I see in thee, I prethee note him well.

Ans. Were I assur'd that I were such a lover:
I would be with my selfe quite out of love:
I prethee lets perswaide him still to live.

Ful. That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow
In desperation would to sooth us up,
Promise repentant recantation,
And after fall into that de parate *course*.

Both which I will prevent with policy. (bid thee,

Ami. O death come with thy dart: come death when I
Mors tibi veni mors, and from this misery rid me:
She whom I lov'd, whom I lov'd, even she my sweet *Mary*
Doth but flout, and mocke, and jest, and dissimulary.

Ful. He fit him finely, in this paper is
The juyce of Mandrake, by a Doctor made,
To cast a man, whose leg should be cut off
Into a deepe, a cold and senselesse sleepe;

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Of such approved operation,
That whoſo takes it is for twice twelue houres,
Breathleſſe, and to all mens judgements paſt all ſence:
This will I give this peſant, but in ſport;
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but eſteeme it as a jeſt:
Beſides, it may be a meanes to ſave his life,
For being perfect poyſon, as it ſeems,
His meaning is, ſome covetous ſlave for coyne,
Will ſell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then that fellony.

Anſ. Vphold the jeſt, but he hath ſpied us, peace,

Ami. Centles, God ſave you,

Here is a man I have noted oft, moſt learned in Phyſicke.
One man he helpt of the cough, another he heald of the ti-
And I will boord him thus: *Salve, o ſalve magiſter.* (ſicke

Ful. *Gratis mihi advenit: quid mecum vis,*

Ami. *Optatum venis, paucus te volo.*

Ful. *Si quid industria noſtratibi faciat, dic queſo.*

Ami. Attend me ſir, I have a ſimple houſe,

But as the learned *Diogenes* ſayth,

In his Epistle to *Tertullian*,

It is extreameſly troubled with great Rats,

I have no muſſe puſſe, nor gray eyde Cat,

To hunt them out, O could your learned art,

Shew me a meanes how I might poyſon them.

Tert. dum ſam, ſir *An.* ad a. b.

Ful. With all my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,

But if you need a poyſon, here is that

Will pepper both your Dogs and Rats and Cats:

Nay ſpare your purſe, I give this in good will,

And as it proves I pray you ſend to me,

And let me know would you ought elſe with me?

Ami. *Minime quidem*, here's that you ſay will take them:

A thouſand thanks ſweet ſir, ſay to you

As *Tully* in his *Æſop's* Fables ſayd,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Agotibi gratias, so farewell, vale.

Exit.

Ful. Adieu, Come let us goe, I long to see
What the event of this new jest will be.

Enter young Arthur.

You. Ar. Good morrow Gentlemen, saw you not this way
As you were walking, sir *Aminadab*?

Ans. M. Arthur, as I take it.

You. Ar. Sir the same.

Ans. Sir. I desire your more familiar love,
Would I could bid my selfe unto your house,
For I have wisht for your acquaintance long.

You. Ar. Sweet *M. Anselme*, I desire yours too:
Will you come dine with me to morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

Ans. I feare I shall prove a bold guest.

You. Ar. You shall be welcome, if you bring your friend.

Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too trouble some.

You. Ar. Nay, now I will enjoyne a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

Ans. A thousand thanks. Yonders the Schoolemaster,
So till to morrow, twenty times farewell.

You. Ar. I double all your farewells twenty fold.

Ans. O this acquaintance was well scrapt of me,
By this my love to morrow I shall see.

Exit.

Ans. This poyson shall by force expell,
Amorem love, *infernum* hell.

Per hoc venenum ego I,

For my sweet lovely Lasse will die.

You. Ar. What do I heare of poyson, which sweet meanes

Must make me a brave frolicke widdower?

It seemes the doting toole being forlorne

Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire

To end his desperate fortunes and his life,

He get it from him, and with this make way

To my wives night, and to my loves faire day:

Amin.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

- Ami.* In *nomine domine*, friends farewell:
I know death comes, here's such a smell.
Pater & Mater, father and mother,
Frator & soror, sister and brother,
And my sweet *Mary*, not these drugges,
Doe send me to infernall bugges,
But thy unkindnesse: so adieu,
Hob-gobbling now I come to you.
You, Ar. Hold man I say, what will this mad man doe?
I have got thee, thou shalt goe with me:
No more of that, fie sir. *Aminadab*,
Destroy your selfe: if I but heare hereafter
You practice such revenge upon your selfe,,
All your friends shall know that for a wench,
A paltry wench, you would have kild your selfe.
Ami. O tace queso, doe not name
This franticke deed of mine for shame:
My sweet master not a word,
He never drowne me in a ford,
Nor give my necke such a scope,
To embrace it with a hempen Rope
He dye no way, till nature will me,
And death come with his dart and kill me,
If what is past you will conceale,
And nothing to the world reveale,
Nay as *Quintilian* sayd of yore,
He strive to kill my selfe no more.
You, Ar. On that condition, he conceale this deed,
To morrow pray come and dine with me,
For I have many strangers, mongst the rest
Some are desirous of your company, /
You will not faile me?
Ami. No insooth, I e try the sharpenesse of my tooth
Instead of poyson I will eate,
Rabbets, Capons, and such meate,
And so as *Pythagoras* sayes,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

With wholesome fare prolong my dayes.
But fir will mistress *Mat* be there?

Ten. Ar. She shall, she shall man never feare,

Ans. Then my spirit becomes stronger,
And I will live and stretch longer,
For *Ovid* said and did not lie
That poysoned men doe often die,
But poyson hence-forth I will not eate,
Whilst I can other viſuals get,
To morrow if you make a feast,
Be sure fir I will be your guest,
But keepe my counsell, *vale* tis,
And till to morrow fir adieu;
At your Table I will prove,
If I can eate away my love.

Exit.

Ten. Ar. O I am glad I have thee, now devise
A way how to beſow it cunningly,
It shall be thus, to morrow ile pretend
A reconcilment twixt my wife and me,
And to that end I will invite thus many.
First *Iustice Reason*, as a chiefe man there,
My father *Arthur*, old *Lusam*, young *Lusam*, *M. Fuller*.
And *Anſelme* I have bid already.
Then will I have my hope (*Mary* too,)
Be it to spight my wife before she dies,
For die she shall before to morrow night,
The operation of this poyson is
Not suddainely to kill, they that take it
Fall in a sleepe and then it is past cure,
And this will I put in her cup to morrow.

Enter Pipkin running.

Pip. This it is to have such a matter, I have sought him
at the Change, at the Schoole, at every place, but I cannot
finde him no where. O cry you mercy, my mistress would in-
treat you to come home.

Ten. Ar. I cannot come to night, some urgent busines
Will

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Till the broth be enough.

Enter maid with an apron.

Mis. Ar. Well sirrah, get a Napkin and a Trencher and waite to day: So let me see my apron.

Pip. Mistris I can tell you one thing, my Masters wench will come home to day to dinner.

Enter Iustice Reason, and his man.

Mis. Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest:

But here's some of our guests are come already:

A chaire for *Iustice Reason*, sirrah. *(huswife*

Iust. Good morrow Mistris *Arthur*, you are like a good

At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!

Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband Mistris?

What a Cushin too?

Pip. I pray ease your tale fir:

Iust. Marry and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

Pip. M. *Hugh* as welcome as heart can tell, or tongue can thinke.

Hugh. I thanke you M. *Pipkin*, I have got many a good dish of broth by your meanes

Pip. According to the ancient curtesie, you are welcome: according to the time and place, you are heartily welcome: when they are busie at the boord, we will finde our selues busied in the buttery, and to sweet *Hugh* according to your scholars phraise, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hugh. I will answere you with the like, sweet *Pipkin*, gratias.

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you can good *Hugh*. But her comes more guests.

Enter old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Mis. Ar. More stools and cushings for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. *Iustice Reason*, are you here, Who would have thought to have met you in this place?

Old Lu. What sees mine eyes, is *Iustice Reason* here? Mountaines may meet, and so may we.

Iust. Well, when men meete they meete,

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

And when they part, they often leave one anothers company
So we being met are met. (my)

Old Lu. Truly you say true,
And *M. Justice Reason* speaks but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow Gentlemen.

Mis. Ar. What are you there?

Ans. Good morrow mistris, and good morrow all.

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you,
I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?
We have beene young like you, and if you live
Vnto our age, you will be old like us.

Full. Be rul'd by reason, but whose here,

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. *Salute omnes*, and good day,
To all at once as I may say,
First *M. Justice*, next *Old Arthur*,
That gives me pension by the quarter,
To my good mistris, and the rest,
That are the founders of the feast.
In brieft I speake to *omnes* all,
That to their meate intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,
Hath profited exceedingly well with you,
Sit downe, sit downe, by mistris *Arthurs* leave.

Enter young Arthur, young Lusam, and

Mistris Mary.

You. Ar. Gentlemen, welcome all, while I deliver
Their private welcomes, wife be it your charge
To give this Gentlewoman entertainment,
Mis. Ar. Husband I will, O this is the usurpes
The precious interest of my husbands love:
Though as I am a woman, I could well,
Thrust such a lewd companion out of doores,

Yet

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Will all this night imploy me otherwife.

Pip. I beleeeve my mistris would kon you as much thanks to doe that businesse at home as abroad.

Yon. Ar. Here take my purse, and bid my wife provide Good cheare against to morrow, there will be

Two or three strangers of my late acquaintance,

Sirra go you to Iustice Reasons House,

Inuite him first with all solemnity,

Go to my Fathers, and my Father in lawes,

Heretake this note,

The rest that come I will inuite my selfe,

About it with what quicke dispatch thou canst.

Pip. I warrant you master ile dispatch this busines with more honesty, then you'l dispatch yours. But master, will the gentlewoman be there?

Yon. Ar. What Gentlewoman?

Pip. The Gentlewoman of the old house, that is aswell knowne by the colour she laies on her cheeks, as an alehouse by the painting is laid on his lettuce: she that is like *Homo*, common to all men. she that is beholding to no trade but lives of her selfe.

Yon. Ar. Sirrah, begon, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile goe but by this hand, ile tell my mistris as soone as I come home, that mistris light-heeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet mistris *Mary* ile inuite my selfe, And there ile frolicke sup, and spend the night.

My plot is currant, here t's in my hand,

Will make me happy in my second choyce,

And I may freely challenge as mine owne,

What I am now inforced to seeke by stealth.

Love is not much unlike ambition,

For in them both all lets must be removed,

Twixt every crowne and him that would aspire,

And he that will attempt to winne the same,

Must plunge up to the depth o're head and eares,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loves, must needs through blood and fire,
And doe all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistris Arthur, and her mayd.

Mi. Ar. Come spread the Table, is the Hall rub'd,
The Cushions in the windowes neatly layd,
The Cup-boord of plate set out, the Casements sticke
With Rosemary and flowers, the Carpets brisht?

Maid. I forsooth mistris.

Mis. Ar. Lobke to the Kitching-mayd, and bid the Cooke
take downe the Ovenstone, the Pies be burnt: take my
Keyes, and give him out more spice.

Maid. Yes forsooth mistris.

(Cloth,

Mi. Ar. Wher's that knave *Pipkin*? bid him spread the
Fetch the cleane Diaper Napkins from my chest.
Set out the guilded salt, and bid the fellow
Make himselfe hantome, get him a cleane hand.

Maid. Indeed forsooth mistris, he is such a sloven
That nothing will fit hantome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.

Mis. Ar. Hee'l be a sloven still: Maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly Mayd.

Maid. I goe forsooth.

Exit.

Mi. Ar. There was a curtsie, let me seet againe:
I that was well, I feare my guests will come,
Ere we be ready, what a spight is this?

Within mistris.

Mis. Ar. Whats the matter?

Within mistris. I pray take *Pipkin* from the fire,
We cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.

Mis. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a Knave is that?
Fie, fie, never out of the Kitchin,
Still broyling in the fire.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. I hope you will not take *Pipkin* from the fire

Till

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

Yet as I am a true obedient wife,
Ile kisse her feete to doe my husbands will.
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeed you are pray doe not doubt of it. (nesty,

Ma. I thanke you mistress *Arthur*, now by my little ho.
It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

You. Ar. Gentiles, put ore your legs, first *M. Justice*,
Here you shall sit.

Just. And here shall mistress *Mary* sit by me.

You. Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall have my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Indeed you shall, for he will have it so.

Ma. If you will needs, but I shall do you wrong to take
your place.

Old Lu. I by my faith, you should.

Mis. Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no wrong
I pray you sit.

You. Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seate your selues :
What sir *Aminadab*, I know where your heart is.

Ami. Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace :
Come gentiles, ile be of this Messe :

You. Ar. So, who gives thanks ?

Ami. Sir, that will I.

You. Ar. I pray you to it by and by, wheres *Pipkin* ?

Wait at the boord, let master *Reasons* man

Be had into the buttery, but give him

A Napkin and a Trencher : Well sayd *Hugh*,

Wait at your masters elbow : Now say grace.

Ami. *Gloria Deo*, sirs preface,

Attend me now whilst I say grace :

For bread and salt, for grapes and malt,

For fish and flesh, and every dish,

Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe,

For cow-heeles, chitterlings, tripes and soule,

And other meate thats in the house,

For rackes, for breasts, for legges, for loynes,

For pies with raisins and with proines,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

For fritters, pancakes, and for frayfes,
For Venition pasties, and minst pies,
Sheepes-heads and garlicke, brawne and mustard :
Wafers, spiced cakes, tarts, and custard :
For capons, rabbits, pigges, and geese :
For apples, carrawaies, and cheetie :
For all these and many moe,
Benedicamus Domino. *All. Amen.*

Inst. I kon you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your scholler ? Now I promise you
He is a towardly stupling of his age.

Pip. Who I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth, I am his schol-
ler, I would have you thinke, I have profited under him
too, you shall heare if he will spose me.

Old Ar. I pray you, lets heare him.

Ami. *Huc ades* Pipkin,

Pip. *Ad sum.*

Ami. *Quot Casus sunt*, how many Cases are there ?

Pip. Marry a great many.

Ami. Well answered, a great many, there are sixe,
Sixe, a great many, tis well answered,
And which be they ?

Pip. A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute
case, a Fiddle case, and a Candle case.

Inst. I know them all, againe well answered :
Pray God my youngest boy profit no worse.

Ami. How many parsons are there ?

Pip. He tell you as many as I know,
if youle give me leave to reckon them,

Ans. I prethee do.

Pip. The Parson of Fan-church, the Parson of Pantridge,
and the Parson of

Yon. Ar. VVell sir, about your busines, now will, I
Temper the cup my lothed wife shall drinke.

Exit.

Old. Ar. Daughter, me thinkes you are exceeding sad.

Old.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Old Lu. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad.

Mi. Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my heart is merry,
Mistress, were you as merry as you are welcome,
You should not sit so sadly as you doe.

Ma. Tis but because I am teated in your place,
Which is frequented seldome with true mirth.

Mi. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Lady, to him that you last lay by?
All is no more, *Prohibo tibi.*

Ma. I thanke you sir, mistress this draught shall be
To him that loves both you and me.

Mis. Ar. I know your meaning.

Ans. Now to me,

If you have either love or charity.

Mis. Ar. Here *M. Justice*, this is to your grave eares,
A mournesfull draught God wot, halfe wine, halfe teares.

Iust. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, here's that will make you talke
Wench's me thinks you sit like Puritans,
Never a jest abroad to make them laugh?

Ful. Sir since you move speech of a Puritan,
If you will give me audience, I will tell you
As good a jest as ever you did heare.

Old Ar. A jest that is excellent.

Iust. Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,
A jest is nothing if it be not grac'd?
Now now I pray you when begins this jest?

Ful. I came unto a puritan to woo her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely puts me from her,
Brother by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous tales she was saluted,
My artlesse speech with scripture was confuted.

Old Lu. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.

Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.

Ful. O fit I frequented her abroad by night,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

And courted her and spake her wondrous faire,
But ever some-what did offend her sight
Eythre my doublet, ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my rayments hung too low,
My spannish shoo was cut too broad at toe.

All. Ha, ha, the best that ever I heard.

Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe
Seeming to be conformde in looke and speech,
My shoes were sharpe toed, and my band was plaine
Close to my thigh my metamorpholde breech,
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut shorter,
Of went my scarffe, thus marched I to the Porter.

All. Ha, ha, was ever heard the like ?

Ful. The Porter spying me ; did lead me in
VVhere his faire Mistris sat reading a Chapter,
Peace to this house quoth I and those within.
Which holy speech with admiration wrapt her,
And ever as I spake and came her nie,
Seeming Divine, turnd up the white of eye.

Iust. So, so, what then what then,

Old Lu. Forward, I pray forward sir :

Ful. I spake Divinely, and cald her sister,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well :
By yea and nay I will quoth I and kist her,
She blusht and said that long tongd men wou'd tell,
I seemde to be as secret as the night.
And said I would put out the light.

Old Ar. Insooth he tould a passing, passing jest.

Ful. O do not sweare quoth she, yet put it out
Because I would not have you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about.
Introth quoth I here will we rest vs both.
Sweare you introth quoth she, had you not sworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in soule scorne,
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,
He come quoth she, be it but to keepe your oath.

Iust.

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Iust. Tis very pritty, but now when the jeaft,

Old. Ar. O forward to the jeaft in any cafe.

Old. Lu. I would not for an angel loofe the jeaft,

Ful. Heres right the dunghill cocke that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to thefe, is as a man,
Should caft our jewelsto a heard of fwine,
why in the laft words did confift the jeaft.

Old. Lu. I, in the laft words ? ha, ha, ha,
It was an excellent admired jeaft
To them that understood it.

Enter young Arthur with a cup of wine

Iust. It was indeede I muft for fashions fake,
Say as they fay, but other wife O God ;
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for your good cheare.
Yon. Ar. Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me fpeake,
One fpeciall caufe that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for auncient grudge that hath long fince
Continued twixt my modeft wife and me,
The wrongs that I have done her I recant,
In either hand I hold a feveral Cup,
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand, pledge me in the draught.
Burying all former hates fo have to thee: *He drinke.*

Mif. Ar. The welcomeft pledge that yet I ever tooke,
Were this wine poyfon or did tafte like gall,
The hony sweet condition of your draught,
Would make it drinke like Neftar: I will pledge you
Were it the laft that ever I should drinke.

You, Ar. Make that account, thus Gentlemen you fee
Our late difcord brought to an unity.

Ami. *Ecce quam bonum & quam iucundum
Eft habitare fratres in unum:*

Old Ar. My heart doth tafte the sweetnes of your pledge
And I am glad to fee this sweet accord,

Old Lu. Glad quotha, there is not one amongst us

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

But may be exc eding glad :

Just. I am, I marry am I, that I am.

You. Lu. The best accord that could betide their loves.

Ans. The worst accord that could betide my love.

All about to rise.

Ami. What rising gentiles ? keepe your places,
Ile close up your stomackes with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater.

That givest us wine instead of water,
And from the pond and River cleare,
Mak'st nappy ale, and good march Beere,
That send'st us sundry sorts of meat,
And every thing we drinke or eate,
To maids, to wives, to boyes to men,
Laus Deo sancte Amen.

Yo. Ar. So much good doe you all, and gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheare.

Old Lu. Nay so we doe, ile give you thanks for all.
Come *M. Justice*, you doe walke our way,
And *M. Arthur* and old *Hugh* your man,
Wee'l be the first will straine curtesie.

Just. God be with you all.

Exeunt old Arthur, old Lufam, and Justice.

Ami. *Proximum ego sum*, ile be the next.
And man you home, how say you Lady ?

You. Ar. I pray you doe; good sir *Aminadab.*

Ma. Sir if it be not too troublesome to you
Let me entreat that kindnesse at your hands.

Ami. Intreat, fie, no, sweet Lasse command:
Sic so, ~~now~~ now, take the upper hand,

He mans her away.

Yo. Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our sakes;
I long to see what force the poysou takes.

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Mi. Ar. My deare, deare husband, in Exchange of hate,
My love and heart shall on your seruice waite,

Exeunt Arthur and his Wife

Ans. So doth my love, on thee, but long no more,
To her rich love, thy seruice is too poore.

Ful. For shame no more, you had best expostulate
Your love with euery stranger, leave these fights,
And change them to familiar conference.

Yon. Ar. Trust me the vertues of young *Arthur* VVife,
Her constancy, and modest humility,
Her patience and admitted temperance,
Have made me love all women-kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my mistris my mistris, shee's dead shee's gone,
shee's dead, shee's gone.

Ans. VVhat that he sayes ?

Pip. Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioyes from
Earth is fled,

She is this day as cold as clay, my mistris she is dead
O Lord my mistris, my mistris.

Exit.

Ans. VVhat mistris *Arthur*, dead ? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quite banisht ?

O I am sicke my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quite stricke through with his late discourse.

Ful. What, faints thou man ? ile lead thee hence for shame
Sound at the tidings of a womans death :

Intolerable and beyond all thought,
Come my loves foole give me thy hand to lead.

This day one body and to hearts are daed.

Exeunt.

Yon. Lu. But now she was as well as well could be,
And on the suddaine dead, joy in excelle
Hath over-run her poore disturbed soule.
Ile after and see how *Master Arthur* takes it,

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

His former hate farre more suspitious makes it.

Exit.

Enter Hugh, and after Pipkin.

Hu. My M. hath left his gloves behind where he sat
In his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them: it is such an
old snudge, hee'l not loose the droppings of his nose.

Pip. O mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O mistris, *Hugh*, I
must needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunaticke, I must fall
upon thee, my mistris is dead.

Hugh. O M. *Pipkin*, what doe you meane, what doe you
meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O mistris, O mistris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh. O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh* I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuse,
O death, O mistris, O death:

Hugh. Death quotha, he hath almost made me dead with
beating.

Enter Reason, old Arthur, and old Lufam.

Iust. I wonder why the knave my man stayes thus
And comes not backe: see where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O M. *Iustice*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Lufam*, wonder not why
I thus blow and bluster, my mistris is dead, dead is my
mistris, and therefore hang your selues, O my mistris, my
mistris.

Old Ar. My sonnes wife dead?

Old Lu. My daughter?

Enter young Arthur mourning.

Iust. Mistris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

You. Ar. O here the wefull husband comes alive,
No husband now, the wight that did uphold

The

how to chooſe a good Wiſe from a bad.

The name of husband, is now quite orethrowne,
And I am left a hapleſſe widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I ſpeake if grieve would ſuffer me.

Old Lu. As *M. Arthur* ſaies, ſo ſay I,
If grieve would let me, I would weeping die,
To be thus hapleſſe in my aged yeares,
O I would ſpeake, but my words melt to teares.

Yon. Ar. Goe in, goe in and view the ſweeteſt coarſe
That ere was layd upon a mournefull roome,
You cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome,
Bad newes are riſe, good tidings ſeldome come.

Enter Anſelme.

Anſ. What franticke humour doth thus haunt my ſence,
Striving to breed deſtruction in my ſpirit ?
When I would ſleepe the gholt of my ſweet love
Appeares unto me in an Angels ſhape :
When I am awake, my fantaſie preſents,
As in a glaſſe, the ſhadow of my love :
When I would ſpeake, her name intrudes it ſelfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my ſpeech :
And though my thoughts beget ſome other word,
Yet will my tongue ſpeake nothing but her name,
If I doe meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or diſcourſe on her,
I thinke her gholt doth haunt me as in times
Of former darkeneſſe, old wives tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Here comes my bitter Genius, whoſe advice
Directs me ſtill in all my actions,
How now, from whence came you ?

Full. Faith from the ſtreet, in which, as I paſ'd by,
I met the modeſt miſtris *Arthurs* coarſe,
And after, as mourners, firſt her husband,
Next *Iuſtice Reaſon*, then old *M. Arthur*,
Old *M. Luſam*, and young *Luſam* too,

With

8
A pleasant conceited Comedy,

With many other kinsfolkes, neighbours, friends,
And others that lament her funerall.

Her body is by this layd in the vault,

Ans. And in that vault my body I will lay,
I prethee leave me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure you jest, you meane not as you say,

Ans. No, no, ile but goe to the Church and pray.

Ful. Nay then we shall be troubled with your humor,

Ans. As ever thou didst love me, or as ever
Thou didst delight in my society,

By all the rights of friendship and of love,
Let me entreate thy absence but one houre,
And at that houres end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish and past reason,
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities.

Exit.

Ans. Now it is night, and the bright lamps of Heaven
Are halfe burnt out: now bright *Adelbora*,
Welcomes the chearefull day-starre in the East,
And harmelesse stilnesse hath possess the world.
This is the Church, thus hollow is the vault,
Where the dead bodie of my Saint remains,
And this the coffin that inhrinds her body,
For her bright soule is now in *Paradiſe*
My coming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My ainy soule toſt after hers to heaven,
First, with the latest Kisse I cald my Love,
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiv'd
If that she stirre not, O this *Golgotha*,
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearefull apparations.

Mistres Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the coffin lies,

And

how to choos: a good Wife from a bad.

And makes my heart start up on end with feare,
Come to thy selfe taint heart, she sits upright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush, if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her body living, ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle,

Mis. Ar. Who am I, or where am I?

Ans. O she speakes, and by her language now I know
she lives.

Mis. Ar. O who can tell me, where I am become.

For in this darkenesse I have lost my selfe,
I am not dead, for I have sence and life:
How come I then in this coffin buried?

Ans. *Anselme* behold she lives, and destiny
Hath trained thee hither to redeeme her life:

Mis. Ar. Live any amongst these dead? none but my selfe

Ans. O yes, a man whole heart till now was dead,
Lives and survives at your returne to life:
Nay start not, I am *Anselme*, one, who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And loving you more then became me well,
Was hither sent by some strange providence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liver in the world againe.

Mis. Ar. I understand you, and thanke the heavens,
That sent you to revive me from this feare,
And I embrace my safety with good will.

Enter Aminadah, with two or three boyes.

Ami. *Mane citius lectum fuge, mollem discite somnum,*
Templa petas supplex & venerare Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleepe get up betimes, goe to the Church and
And never feare, God will thee heare, and keepe thee all the
Good counsell, boyes observe it, marke is well. (day.
This early rising, this *diluculo*,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Is good both for your bodies and your minds
Tis not yet day, give me my Tinder-box,
Meane time unloose your satchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes,

1 Boy. O Lord master, whats that in the white sheete?

Ans. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic ubi*, where?

Boy. *Vide* master, *vide illic* there.

Ans. O *Domine*, *domine*, keepe us from evill,
A charme from flesh, the world and the divell.

Exeunt running.

Mi. Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrate,
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,
Or that he layd me here, and I was dead,
There are no meanes to winne my love.

Ans. Sweet mistress bequeath you to the earth,
You promis'd him to be his wife till death,
And you have kept your promise: but now since
The world, your husband, and your friends suppose
That you are dead, grant me but one request
And I will sweare never to sollicite more
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonoured love.

Mi. Ar. So your demand may be no prejudice
To my chaste name, no wrong vnto my husband,
Nor such that may concerne my wedlocke breach,
I yeeld unto it, but to passe the bands of modesty and cha-
First will I bequeath my selfe againe (stity
Vnto this grave, and never part from hence,
Then taint my soule with blacke impurity.

Ans. Take here my hand and faythfull heart to *base*.
That I will never tempt you more to sinne.
This my request is, since your husband doates
Vpon a lewd iacivious Curtizan,
Since he hath broke the bands of your elfast bed,
And like a murderer sent you to your grave;
Doe but goe with me to my mothers house,
There shall you live in secret for a space,

Onely

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Onely to see the end of such lewd lust,
And know the difference of a chaste wifes bed,
And one whoselife is in all loosenesse led.

Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,
Her counsell conference and company.
May much availe me, there a space ile stay,
Vpon condition as you sayd before,
You never will moue your vncfast sute more.

Ans. My faith is pawn'd O never had chaste wife,
A husband of so lewd and vncfast life.

Exeunt.

Enter Mary, Brabo, and Splay:

Bra. Mistris I long have served you ever since
These bristled haire vpon my grave-like chin,
Were all un-borne, when first I came to you,
This infant feathers of these raven wings,
Were not once begun.

Splay. No, indeed they were not.

Bra. Now in my two munchatoes for a need,
Wanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe;
I prethee mistris for all my long service,
For all the love that I have borne thee long,
Doe me this favour now to marry me.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Marry come up, you block-head, you great asse,
What wouldst thou have me marry with a diuell?
But peace no more, here comes the feely foole,
That we long since have set our lime-twigs for,
Begon and leave me to entangle him.

You. Ar. What mistris? *Mary?*

Ma. O good M. *Arthur*, where have you beene this
weeke, this moneth, this yeare?
This yeare sayd I, where have you beene this age,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Vnto the lover, every minute seemes time out of mind.
How should I thinke you love me.

That can indure to stay so long from me ?

You. Ar. In faith sweet heart I saw thee yester night,

Ma. I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,

At twelue a Clocke you parted from my house,

And tis morning and new stricken seaven :

Seaven howers thou staidst from me, why didst thou so ?

They are my seaven yeares prentiship of woe.

You. Ar. I prethee be patient, I had some occasion

That did inforce me from thee yesternight.

Ma. I you are soone inforced, foole that I am,

To doe on one that naught respecteth me.

But tis my fortune, I am borne to beare it,

And every one shall have his destiny.

You. Ar. Nay, weepe not wench, thou woundest me
with thy teares,

Ma. I am a foole and so thou makes me too,

These teares were better kept, then spent in waite

On one that neither tenders them nor me.

What remedy, but if I chance to die,

Or to miscarry with that I goe withall,

He take my death that thou art cause thereof.

You told me, that when your wife was dead

You would forsake all other, and take me.

You. Ar. I told thee so, and I will keepe my word

And for that end I came thus early to thee,

I have procur'd a licence, and this night

We will be married in a lawlesse Church.

Ma. These newes revive me, and doe some what ease

The thought that was gotten to my heart :

But shall it be to night ?

You. Ar. I wench, to night, ...

A seainight and odde daies since my wife died,

Is past already and her timeles death,

Is but nine dayes talke, come goe with me,

And

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

And it shall be dispatcht presently.

Ma. Nay, then I see thou lovest me, and I find,
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.

Yon. Ar. My love and kindnesse like my age shall grow
And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.

Ma. I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline,
Come shall we goe?

Yon. Ar. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.

Exeunt

Enter Anselme, and Fuller.

Anf. Tis true, as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alledge
Against her husband, nor for the love,
That on my owne part I can urge her too
Will she be wonne to gratifie my love.

Ful. All things are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme, Arthur* About a new wife, a *bona-raba*
How will she take it when she heares this newes?

Anf. I thinke even as a vertuous matron should
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pittie from her stony heart,
And I will urge her with it presently,

Ful. Unless report be false, they are linct already,
They are as fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee
How I by chance did meeete him the last night.
And said to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To have a wife, and presently to marry,
Amidst the street, I met him as my friend:
And to his love a present he did carry,
It was some ring, some stomacher, or toy,

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

I spake to him, and bad God give him joy :
God give me joy; quoth he, of what I pray :
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,
Tis false quoth he, and would have gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, so neere it, and so froward,
I urg'd him hard by our familiar loves,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloves,
Then he began, your kindnesse hath beene great,
Your curtesie great, and your love not common,
Yet so much favour pray let me intreat
To be excus'd from knowing any woman,
I knew the wench that is become his bride,
And smil'd to thinke how deeply he had lide.
For first he swore he did not court a maid,
A wife he could not, she was elsewhere tride:
And as for such as widdowes were, he sayd,
And deeply swore none such should be his bride,
Widdow, nor wife, nor maid, I askt no more,
Knowing he was betrothed to a whore.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Ans. Is it not mistris *Mary* you meane,
Shee that did dine with us at *Arthurs* house?

Ful. The same, the same, here comes the Gentlewoman,
O mistris *Arthur*, I am of your councill,
Welcome from death to life.

Ans. Mistris, this Gentleman hath newes to tell you
And as you like of it so thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wife,
A hutting Lasse yfayth, whose rustling silkes
Make with their motion, musicke unto love,
And you are quite forgotten.

Ans. I have sworne to moue this unchast demand
No more.

Ful. When doth your colour change?

When

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

when doth you eyes sparkle with fire to revenge
these wrongs?

when doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath
Against that scum of man-hood, your vile husband
He first misus'd you.

Ans. And yet can you love him?

Ful. He left your chaste bed-to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a Curtizan.

Ans. Yet can you love him?

Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with slanderous words,
And filld your husht honse with unquietnesse,

Ans. And can you love him?

Ful. Nay, did he not with his rude fingers
Dash you on the face.

And double die your lips with blood,
Hath he not torne those golden wiars from your head
Wherewith *Apollo* would have strung his harpe,
And kept them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beate you and with his rude fists,
Vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boistrous blowes?

Ans. And can you love him yet?

Ful. Then did he not

Eyther by poyson or some other plot
Send you to death, where by his providence,
God hath preferu'd you by wonderous miracles?
Nay after death hath he not scandaliz'd,
Your place with an immodest Curtizan.

Ans. And can you love him yet?

Mis. Ar. And yet, and yet, and still and ever whilst
I breath this ayre;

Nay after death, my substantiall soule
Like a good angell shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme.
But is he married? much good doe his heart,

Pray

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Pray God she may content him better farre,
Then I have done ; long may they live in peace,
Till I disturbe their solace ; but because
I feare some mischief doth hang o're his head,
He weepe mine eyes drie, with my pre ent care,
And for their healths make hoarse my tongue with prayer.

Exit.

Ful. Art sure she is a woman ? if she be
Shee is create of natures purity.

Ans. O yes, I too well know she is a woman,
Hence forth my vertue shall my love withstand,
And on my striving thought ge the upper-hand.

Ful. Then thus resolu d, I straight will drinke to thee
A health thus deepe to drowne my melancholy.

Exeunt.

Enter Mary, young Arthur, Brabo, Splay.

Ma. Not have my will, yes I will have my will,
Shall I not goe abroad, but when you please ?
Can I not now and then meet with my friends,
But at my coming home you will controll me ?
Marry come up.

Yon. Ar. Where art thou patience ?
Nay rather where's become my former spleene ?
I had a wife would not have us'd me so.

Ma. Why thou lacke sauce, thou Cuckold, you what not,
What am I not o' age sufficient

To goe and come when my pleasure serves,
But must I have you fir to question me ?
Not have my will, yes, I will have my will.

Yo. Ar. I had a wife would not have vs'd me so,
But she is dead.

Bra. Not have her will, fir she shall have her will.
She says she will, and fir, I say she shall :
Not have her will, that were a jest indeed.
Who says she shall not, if I be dispos'd,

To

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

To man her forth, who shall finde fault with it ?
Whats he that dares say blackes her eye?
Though you be married fir, yet you must know
That she was borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her will Gods passion, I say still,
A womans no body that wants her will.

You. Ar. Where is my spirit, what shall I maintaine
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,
To beare me out of my authority ?
What am I from a master made a slave ?

Ma. A slave? nay worse, doest thou maintaine my man
And this maide? Tis I maintaine both.
I am thy wife I will not be drest so
While thy gold lasts, but then most willingly.
I will bequeath thee to flat beggary.
I do already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beat me ?

Bra. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs,
That dare to touch my Mistris, never feare,
My sword shall smoothe the wrinkles of his browes,
That bends a frowne upon my Mistris.

You. Ar. I had a wife would not haue usd me so,
But God is iust.

Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
What in this world would most torment thy soule,
That would I do : would all my euill usage
Could make thee straight, dispaire and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that slave, go turne him out of doores,
None that loves *Arthur* shall haue house-roume here

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes *Brabo* discharge the fellow.

You. Ar. Shall I be over-mastred in my owne ?
By my selfe *Arthur*, *strumpet* he shall stay.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Ala. What shall he Brabo, shall he mistress Splay ?

Bra. Shall he ? he shall not : breathes there any living
Dares say he shall, when Brabo saies he shall not ?

Yes. Ar. Is there any law for this ? she is my wife,
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt :
I am content, keepe by thee whom thou list.
Discharge whom thou thinkest good, do what thou wilt,
Rise go to bed, stay at home go a broad
At thy good pleasure, keepe all companies :
So that for all this, I may have but peace.

Be unto me as I was to my wife,
Ohely give me what I denied her then,
A little love and some small quietnesse,
If he displease thee turne him out of doores.

Pip. Who me ? turne me out of doores ? is this all the wa-
ges I shall have at the yeeres end, to be turned out of doores
you mistress, you are a :

Splay. A what ? speake a what ? touch her, and touch me,
taint her and taint me, speake, speake, a what ?

Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.

Splay. How do you meane that ?

Pip. And you are kin to the Latine word, to understand

Splay. And whats that ?

Pip. *Subandi, Subandi* : and fir, do you not vse to pinke
dublets ?

Splay. And why ?

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of great kindred ;
you are a common couzener, every body calles you cousen :
besides they say you are a very good warrener, you have
bin an old Cony-catcher : but if I be turned a begging as I
know not what I am borne too, and that you ever come to
the said trade, as nothing is impossible, ile set all the com-
mon-wealth of beggers on your backe, and all the congrega-
tion of vermin shall be put to your keeping, and then if
you be not more bitten then all the company of beggers
besides, ile not have my will : zownes turn'd out of doores,

ile

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

He goe set up my trade, a dish to drinke in, and I have with-
in a wallet, and that He make of an old shirt, then my speech
for the Lords sake, I beseech your worship sir, then I must
have a lame legge, He goe to the foote-ball, and breake my
shinnes, and I am provided for that.

Bra. What stands the villaine prating, hence you slave.

Exit.

You. Ar. Art thou yet pleas'd?

Ma. When I have had my humor.

To. Ar. Good friends for manners sake a while withdraw

Bra. It is our pleasure sir to stand aside.

You. Ar. *Mary*, what cause hadst thou to use me thus

From nothing, I have rayd thee to much wealth,
'Twas more then I did owe thee: many a pound,
Nay, many a hundred pound I spent on thee
In my wifes time: and once but by my meanes,
Thou hadst beene in much danger: but in all things
My purse and credit ever bare thee out,
I did not owe thee this: I had a wife
That would have layd her selfe beneath my feet:
To doe me service, her I set at nought
For the intire affection I bare thee.

To shew that I have loved thee, have I not
Above all women made chiefe choyce of thee?
An argument sufficient of my love,
What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

You. Ar. O but such humors honest wives should purge,
He shew thee a farre greater instance yet,
Of the true love that I have borne to thee,
Thou knewest my other wife, was she not faire?

Ma. So, so.

You. Ar. But more then faire, was she not vertuous,
Indued with beauty of the minde?

Ma. Faith, so they sayd.

You. Ar. Harke in thine eare, He trust thee with my life,

I 2

Then

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Then which what greater instance of my love :
Thou knowst how sodainly she died,
To enjoy thy love even then I poysoned her.

Ma. How poysoned her? accursed murtherer,
Ile ring this fatall larum in all eares,
Then which, what greater instance of my hate.

You. Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsell ?

Ma. Villaine no: thoult poyson me as thou hast poysoned

Yo. Ar. Dost thou reward me thus for all my love? (her.
Then *Arthur* flie, and seeke to save thy life,

O difference twixt a chaste and unchast wife. *Exit.*

Ma. Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.

Bra. Why whats the matter Mistris.

Ma. This villaine *Arthur*, poysoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me :

O fetch a warrant from the Iustice

To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,
His wealth is mine pursue the slave thats fled.

Bra. Mistris, I will, he shall not passe this land,
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mr. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so ;
Had I beene borne a servant, my low life
Had stee'dy stood from all these miseries.
The waving reedes stand free from every gust,
When the tall Oakes are rent up by the roots.
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath ?
Why are we prond of that which so soone changes
But rather wish the beauty of the mind
Which neyther time can alter, sicknesse change,
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd
O had my riotous husband borne this minde,

He

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

He had bin happy, I had beene more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter young Arthur poorely,

Yon. Ar. O whither shall I flie to save my life,
When murder and dispaire dogs at my heeles,
O misery, thou never foundst a friend,
All friends forsake men in adversity,
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My Vncles double barre their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curst me worse then *Adam* did vile *Eve*.
I that within these two dayes had more friends
Then I could number with Arithmeticke,
Have now no more then one poore cypher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried and found none to relieve my wants,
My suddaine flight, and feare of further shame,
Lest me unfurnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I have not tasted food.

Adi. Ar. It is my husband, O how just is heaven
Poorely disguised and almost hunger starued
How comes this change?

Yon. Ar. Doth no man follow me,
O how suspicious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger and I dye for thirst,
Had I a kingdom, I would sell my Crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to begge,
And yet, perforce I must, begge, or starue.
This house belongs to some Gentlewoman,
And her's a woman, I will begge of her:
Good mistris looke upon a poore mans wants:
Whom doe I see? Iush *Arthur*, she is dead,

A pleasant conceited Comedy.

But that I saw her dead and buried,
I would have sworne it had beene *Archurs* wife;
But I will leave her, shame forbids me beg,
On one so much resembles her.

Mis. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherefore dost thou turne
Thy guilty lookes and blushing face aside?
It seemes thou hast not beene brought up to this.

You. Ar. You say true mistris: then for charity,
And for her sake whom you resemble most,
Pitty my present want and misery.

Mis. Ar. It seemes thou hast beene in some better plight
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be scorn'd, to ease thy hunger, first,
Eate these conserues, and now I prethee tell me
What thou hast beene thy fortunes, thy state,
And what she is that I resemble most.

You. Ar. First, looke that no man see or over-heare us,
I thinke that shape was borne to doe me good.

Mis. Ar. Hast thou knowne one that doth resemble me,

You. Ar. Mistris, I cannot chuse but weepe
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.

Mis. Ar. Of what estate or birth was she?

You. Ar. Borne of good parents, and as well brought up,
Most faire, but not so faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things but her marriage,
Her ryotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his lewd life made them both miscarry.

Mis. Ar. Why doest thou grieve at their adversities?

You. Ar. O blame me not that man my kinsman was,
Nearer to me a kinsman could not be:
As neere allies was that chaste woman too
Nearer was never husband to his wife:
He whom I term'd my friend, no friend of mine,
Proving both mine and his owne enemy,
Poysoned his wife, O the time he did so,
Ioyed at her death, inhumane slave to doe so,

Exchang'd

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Exchang'd her love for a bafe strumpets luft,
Fowle wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange fo.

Mr. Ar. You are wife, and blest, and happy to repent so,
But what became of him and his new wife :

You. Ar. O heare the justice of the highest heaven,
This strumpet in reward of all his love,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Lies upon persud'd by her fierce hate,
And now to late he doth repent his sinne,
Ready to perish in his owne dispaire,
Having no meanes but death to rid his care.

Mr. Ar. I can endure no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

You. Ar. Why weepe you Mistris, if you had the heart
Of her whom you resemble in your face :
But she is dead and for her death,
The sponge of eyther eye,
Shall weepered teares till every veine is dry.

Mis. Ar. Why weepe you friend, your rainy drops keepe,
Repentance wipes away the drops of sinne.
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honoured him, to kill.
Yet say one like her, farre more chaste then faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire.
Her soule's appeas'd with his repentant teares,
Wishing he may survive her many yeeres,
Faine would I give him money to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should fly,
And getting over to some forren shore,
These rainy eyes should never see him more.
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my love must needs bewray.
Farewell good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend.

Exit.

You. Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe

To

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

To murder my chaste wife that loved me so,
In life she loved me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife,
I here the officers with hu and cry,
She sa'd my life but now, and now I die,
And welcome death, I will not stirre from hence,
Death I deserued, ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo, with Officers, Splay, and Hugh.

Bra. Here is the murderer, and *Reasons* man.
You have the warrant, first lay hands on him,
Attach the slave and lead him bound to death.

Hugh. No by my fayth *M. Brabo*, you have the better
heart, at least you should have, I am sure you have more
yron and steele then I have, doe you lay hands upon him, I
promise you I dare not,

Bra Constables forward, forward officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,
Lay hands on him I say step you backe?
I meane to be the- himmost least that any
Should runne away, and leave the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not a shamde to feare?

You. Ar. Nay never strive, behold I yeeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution.

That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not adventure on a man vnarm'de.
Now lead me to what prison you thinke best:
Yet use me well I am a Gentleman,

Hugh. Truly *M. Arthur*, we will use you as well as heart
can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my master is chiefe
you shall command me.

Bra. What hath he yeelded? if he had withstood us
This Curte-lax of mine had cleft his head,
Resist he durst not, when once he spied me,
Come lead them hence, how likest thou this sweet witch?

This

how to chuse a good Wife from a bad.

This fellows death will make your mistress rich.

Splay. I say I care not who's dead or alive,
So by their lives or deaths we two may thrive.

Hugh. Come beare him away.

Enter Iustice Reason, old Arthur, old Lufam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lufam*, so it is that I have
heard both your complaints, but understand neither, for
you know, *Legere, & non intelligere, negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for favour as a father should,
Pittying the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Lu. I come for justice as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter,

Iust. You come for favour, and you come for justice,
Iustice with favour is not partiall,
And using that I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good M. *Iustice* thinke upon my sonne.

Old Lu. Good M. *Iustice* thinke upon my daughter.

Iust. Why so I doe, I thinke upon them both,
But can doe neyther of you good,
For he that lives must die, and she thats dead
Cannot be revived.

Old Ar. *Lufam*, thou seekst to rob me of my sonne, my
only sonne.

Old Lu. He robd me of my daughter, my only daughter.

Iust. And robbers are flat fellows by the law,

Old Ar. *Lufam*, I say thou art a blood-sucker,
A tyrant, a remorselesse Canyball:

Old as I am ile prove it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a blood-sucker or a Canyball?
Am I a tyrant that doth thirst for blood?

Old Ar. I, if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a blood-sucker.

Old Lu. I, if I seeke the ruine of thy sonne, I am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay, more thou art a dotard:

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

And in the right of my accursed sonne,
I challenge thee the field, meet me I say
To morrow morning besides *Islington*,
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou darest.

Old Lu. Meete thee with my sword and buckler,
There's my Glove.

He meet thee to revenge my Daughters death.
Call'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore yeeres
I never handled weapon but a knife
To cut my meat, yet will I meet thee there.
Gods precious call me dotard?

Old Ar. I have a cause,
Iust cause to call thee dotard, have I not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter, have you cause?
Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,
To be cald dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My Masters, you must leave this quarrelling, for
quarrelliers are never at peace, and men of peace, while
they are at quiet, are never quarrelling: so you while you
fall into brawles, you cannot chuse but jarre. Here comes
your sonne accused, and his wife the accuser: stand forth
both, *Hugh* be ready with your pen and inke to take their
examinations and confessions.

*Enter Mary, Splay, Brabe, young Arthur, Hugh,
and Officers.*

You. Ar. It shall not need, I doe confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accueth me:
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed,
I yeeld me to the mercy of the law.

Old Lu. Villaine thou meanst my onely daughter,
And in her death depriv'dst me of all joyes.

You. Ar. I meane her, I doe confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my knees I beg,

Your

how to choofe a good Wife from a bad.

Your angry foule will pardon me her death.

Old Lw. Nay, if he kneeling do confesse the deed,

No reason but I should forgive her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfied,
Blood must have blood, and men must have death.
I thinke that cannot be dispenced withall.

Ma. If all the world would forgive the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yon. Ar. I had a wife would not have usd me so,
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue
To be offensive to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A Divell before a Saint, night before day,
Hell before Heaven, and drosse, before tried gold,
Never was bargain with such damage sold.

Bra. If you want witnessse to confirme the deed
I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this presence I will justifie
Will not part hence till I see him swing,

Say. I heard him too, pitty but he should die,
And like a murtherer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Ma. Why stay you then, give judgement on the slave,
Whose shamelesse life deserues a shamefull grave.

Yon. Ar. Deaths bitter pangs are not so full of griefe,
As this unkindnesse, every word thou speakst
Is a sharpe dagger thrust, quite thorough my heart,
As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kind patient wife deseru'd of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then therefore as just plagues should I repine?

Iust. Where did you buy this poyson for such drugs
Are fellon for any man to sell.

Yon. Ar. I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man he was not accessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Iust. No matter fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To answer to this matter at the Barre.

Hugh, Take these Officers, and apprehend him.

Bra. He ayd him too, the Schoole-master I see,
Perhaps may hang with him for company.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Anf. This is the day of *Arthur*'s examination,
And tryall of the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how *Iustice Reason* will proceed
In censuring of his strict punishment.

Ent. Anselme, content, lets thrust in among the throng.

Enter Aminadab, brought in with officers.

Ami. O *Domine*, what meane these knaves
To lead me thus with billes and glaves?
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To tread their steps all after me:
If for some fault I hang'd be,
Somewhat sure I will marre,
If you bring me to the barre,
But peace, betake thee to thy wits,
For yonder *Iustice Reason* sits.

Iust. Sir Dad, fir Dad, here's one accuseth you
To give him poyson being ill employed,
Speake how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. Hei mihi, What should I say, the poyson given I
denay, he tooke it perforce from my hands, and *Domine*
why not? I

Got it of a Gentleman, he most freely gave it,
Aske, he knew me, my meanes was onely to have it.

You. Ar. Tis true, I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snatch it from his hand by rude constraint,

Which

how to choose a good Wife from a bad.

Which proves him in this act not culpable,

Iust. I but who sold the poyson unto him?
That must be likewise knowne, speake Schoole-master,

Ami. A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,
He was a great guller, his name I take it to be *Fuller*,
See where he stands that unto my hands conveyed a
powder,

And like a knave sent her to her grave, obscurely to
throwd her.

Iust. Lay hands on him are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before us, sirra, what say you,
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

Full. I sold no poyson, but I gave him one
To kill his Rats.

Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a Rat,
You sold him poyson then to kill his Rats?
The word to kill argues a murtherous mind,
And you are brought in compasse of the murther,
So set him by, we will not heare him speake,
That *Arthur*, *Fuller*, and the Schoole-master,
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

Ans. Sir if my friend may not speake for himselfe
Yet let me his proceedings justifie.

Iust. Whats he that will a murtherer justifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,
For justifiers are all accessaries
And accessaries have deseru'd to die.
Away with him we will not heare him speake,
They all shall to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. Nay stay them stay them yet a while,
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will please all parties presently.

Yon. Ar. I thinke my wives ghost haunts me to the death

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Wretch that I was to shorten her lives breath.

Old Ar. Whom doe I see, my sonnes wife?

Old Lu. What my daughter?

Iust. Is it not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,
That long since buried we suppos'd to be?

Mf. Ar. This man is condemn'd for poysoning of his
His poysoned wife yet lives, and I am she: (wife,

And justly therefore I release his bands;

This man for suffering him these drugs to take,

Is likewise bound, release him for my sake:

This Gentleman that first the poyson gave,

And this his friend to be releas'd I crave.

Murther there cannot be, where none is kild,

Her blood is sa'd whom you suppos'd was spild.

Father in law, I give you here your sonne,

The act to doe, which you suppos'd was done,

And father, now joy in your daughters life,

Whom Heaven hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

Old Ar. O welcome, welcome daughter, now I see,

God by his power hath preserved thee.

Old Lu. And tis my wench whom I suppos'd was dead

My joy revives, and my sad woe is fled.

Yon. Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,

My soules transported to an extasie,

For hope and joy confound my memory.

Ma. What doe I see *Arthurs* wife againe?

Nay, then I labour for his death is vaine.

Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,

That in her soule the poyson would not worke.

Splay. How can it be the poyson tooke no force,

She lives with that which would have kild a horse.

Mi. Ar. Nay shun me not, be not ashamed at all.

To heaven not me, for grace and pardon call.

Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.

Yon. Ar. Still feare and hope my griefe and woe prolongs

But tell me by what power thou didst survive?

With

• *how to choose a good Wife from a bad.*

With my owne hands I temper'd that vile draught;
That sent thee breathlesse to thy Grandfathers grave,
If that were poyson I receiv'd of him.

Ans. That *ego nescio*, but this dram,
Received I of this Gentlemen,
The colour of it was to kill my Rats,
But 'twas my owne life to dispatch.

Ful. It is even so, this ambitious doubt,
No man can better then my selfe decide,
That compound power was of Poppy made and Mandrakes
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe,
To ease the deadly paine of him whom leg (ster.)
Should be sawd off, that powder gave I to the Shoole-ma-

Ans. And that same powder, even that *idem*
You tooke from me the same *per fidem*.

You. Ar. And the same powder, I commixt with wine,
Our godly knot of wedlocke to unknit,
Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from the grave?

Old Lu. Discourse daughter.

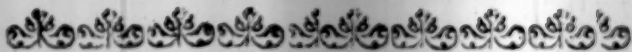
Ans. Nay that labour save:

Pardon M. *Arthur*. I will now
Confesse the former frailty of my love.
Your modest wife, with words I tempted off,
But neither, ill I could report of you,
Nor any good could forge of my selfe,
Would win her to attend to my request,
Nay, after death I lou'd her, in so much
That to the vault where she was buried,
My constant love did lead me in the darke,
There ready to have tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gave her, I felt warme.
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,
Where she hath since liv'd the most chaste and true,
That since the worlds creation eye did view.

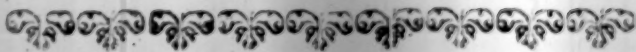
You. Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there
And in the midst my selfe: He that will chule

A pleasant conceited Comedy, &c.

A good Wife from a bad come learne of me
That hath tried both, in wealth and misery.
A good Wife will be carefull of her fame.
Her husbands credit and her owne good name,
And such art thou; a bad Wife will respect.
Her pride, her lust, and her owne name neglect,
And such art thou; a good Wife will be still
Industrious, apt to doe her husbands will,
But a bad Wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding
Never keepe home, but alwaies be gadding,
And such art thou; a good Wife will conceale
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reveale,
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, on this hand sin,
This who strive to loofe or this to win?
Here lives perpetuall joy, her burning woe.
Now husbands choofe on which hand you will goe,
Seeke vertuous wives, all husbands will be blest,
Faire wives are good, but vertuous Wives are best:
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall finde,
No beauty's like the beauty of the mind.



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